

No. 9.

"MODO ME THEBIS,"

MODO PONIT ATHENIS."—HORACE.

THE
MUSICAL

SEPTEMBER

MONTHLY

1864.

AND
DRAWING-ROOM
MISCELLANY.

CONTENTS

MUSIC:
PRETTY COLETTE.
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

	PAGE
New Romance, "Child of the Sun," by H. Farnie...	129
The Stocking Knitter	131
A Sketch in Canada	131
The Head Master's Daughter	133
On the Art of Dissimulating	133
Palingenesis	134
Music on the Continent	135
"Hand and Glove," by L. H. F. du Terreaux	136
The Woful Tourney	136
Sir Launcelot	140

THE COUNTRY HOUSE:—Boudoir—Out of Doors—
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ARTHUR HALL, SMART & ALLEN, 25, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
CRAMER & Co., METZLER & Co., & ALL BOOK & MUSICSELLERS.

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MESSRS. CAKTHWRIGHT AND BROWNE, 22, Fleet-street, the old-established and acknowledged the best Dentists in London, call attention to their New Everlasting Teeth, mounted on Gold, or the New Vulcanized India-rubber, of the last New Patent, which are superior to all others. They are fitted without extraction of stumps, or giving the slightest pain, and are most natural in appearance, restoring perfect Mastication and Articulation in every case, at about half the usual charges. Upper or lower Set, from £2 10s., single Tooth from 6s. and 10s.

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FILTERS, in 20 shapes, fitted with patent Moulded Carbon Blocks, in lieu of sponge, sand, gravel, and loose charcoal, have now attained such a high position in the opinion of persons competent to judge of such articles, and have become so generally appreciated by the sanitary portion of the public, that in a short space of time no home will be complete without a glass filter for the sideboard or an earthenware one for the kitchen, or in the house cistern. Health should be studied before wealth, and what is so conducive to health as a supply of water purified and filtered through the medium of media, **COFFEE AND CO.** charcoal. Makers to the Royal Navy, Trinity Board, Board of Works, Bombay Railway, British Ice Co., Cheap Cooking Depots, &c., Jardins d'Acclimatation, Paris, &c. **T. ATKINS and SON, 62, Fleet Street, London.** Prospectus free.

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28 GUINEA PIANETTE, in Rosewood or Walnut	-	-	10 Guineas per annum.
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As a general rule, there can be little confidence placed in certificates or commendatory letters, and therefore during a period of several years, while the general reputation of Singer's Sewing Machines was being consolidated, we never published one of the very numerous letters containing expressions of satisfaction and gratitude which we were constantly receiving. The reputation of a good thing, like the genial influences of the sun and rain, is diffused through the community by a general irresistible law. Upon that general favourable character we prefer to sell our machines. In all cases where it is practicable, we advise those who wish to purchase a machine

for sewing to examine the various kinds which are commonly esteemed to be good and useful, compare, enquire, and then intelligently decide between them. And particularly when any person is inclined to buy one of our machines, we wish enquiries as to their qualities to be made of some one who has had experience in using them, so that the purchaser will feel entire confidence. No one is importuned to purchase. Our purpose is to sell the BEST MACHINES AT A FAIR PRICE, and endeavour to pay such attention to our customers, that one machine will always be the means of selling another. We are now allowed to mention that a part of the outfit of the Princess Alice, recently married to Prince Louis of Hesse, was one of our Family Machines in full cabinet.

Ninety Thousand in Operation in all Quarters of the Globe. Shipping Orders Executed. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, Post Free.

98, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.



The Musical Monthly.

THE MUSIC EDITED BY VINCENT WALLACE.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

SEPTEMBER 1, 1864.

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INSCRIPTION FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE

IN A GARDEN ATTACHED TO THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE AT
SALISBURY.

Hic est videndum quicquid est pulcherrimi,
Hic est fruendum quicquid est dulcissimi,
Virete, flores, ambulacra, rivulus,
Umbrosa juxta rivulum sedilia,
Et quicquid hortus fructum ostendat ferax.
Quod n' propinqua TURRIS* excelsissima
Ad pulchriora et dulciora devocet,
Optanda nobis hæc in æternum forent;
Paradisus hic jam crederetur redditus:
Hic sors Beaturnum esset, hic Cœli quies.

1864.

C. W.

* The spire of Salisbury Cathedral.

CHILD OF THE SUN:

A SPANISH ROMANCE,

By HENRY FARNIE,

Author of "Camping-Out," "Pet Marjorie," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE MIDNIGHT RAID.

THE prologue to this romance opens on a certain evening of September, in the year of grace 1690, Charles II. of unhappy memory then reigning over the remnants of Spain the great. The scene is Granada—on which the first floating shadows, pearly grey, of an Andalusian night, were settling down. To a fanciful view, these shadows stole down the Alpuxarras and the Mountain of the Sun, like stealthy bandoleros, to seize on the plump treasures of the Vega below. One by one the characteristic features of the landscape and its town were blotted out in the increasing darkness. The eye could no longer detect the ruined Alalaya or old Moorish watch-tower on the range of hills that, in the time of the Ommeyas, barriered the Moslem Elysian-fields of the Vega against Christian aggression. The level sunbeams had been long struck upward like a sword-stroke from the red walls of the Alhambra, and the city itself lying at foot of fortress was grim enough in its amorphous blackness. By and by, the Andalusian moon threw its dream of light—a lamp to read tradition by—over the plain, and suggested images of what the night had hid. Still lay the city grimly: but its upper towers and the Alhambra cincturing the hill, and the long valley of the Darro, and the uplands with gleaming pavilions such as the Moors bequeathed to luxury, gleamed in the moonlight. The extraordinary softness of light—the extreme ethereality of the atmosphere—summed up in the reminiscence "Andalusian"—were intensified by the stillness. The hour of the "oration"—the Spanish Vespers—had long since passed in clang of bell, in prayer and evensong—and not even a late muleteer, with his speed quickened with thoughts of the posada and a game at monte, and perhaps a castanet dance with a buxom Andalusienne, broke through the serene silence with his tinkling train. Doubt not but that in yonder city of Granada—down, too, in the gardens of the Alameda, and by the murmured margin of the Xenil—there is sound enough and to spare; but that the lover woo his dark fair with strange intervals on his guitar, and the eternal many-measured "ay de mi"—but that laughter is ringing through the fandango and the bolero; or, most musical of all, that the low tones of the love-lorn senorita are breathing their music on many a roving ear; but where we place our characters in this opening, in a barranco of the Mountain of the Sun, far above, though close to, the city—not a sound is to be heard. Such was the scene—as it were the lifeless, empty stage before

the play is played. Another moment, and the theatre we have described presents another sight.

On an isolated rock in the barranco of the Murdered Muleteer—(there was a cross there to his nameless memory, set up by some good Christian, and before which the wayfarer bent in a momentary fit of prayer)—stood, gauntly erect and defined against the blue shadows, a stern-browed young man—in a picturesque dress, half that of a muleteer, and the other half that of a contrabandista. He was fully armed, with pistols and long knife in his belt, and his hands were crossed, as over a staff, on a trabuco. Below him, similarly equipped, but lacking, so far as the uncertain light would indicate, the individuality—the natural command—that were paramount in the expression of him of the rock, lounged a contrabandista—if not worse—with his gaze sometimes fixed on his chief ('twas evident that he of the rock was the chief), and anon concentrated on a certain spot at the mouth of the valley of the Darro beneath. Up the barranco might be descried, though indistinctly, the forms of a number of armed men—guerillas or contrabandistas, for, sooth to tell, at this epoch of the distracted reign of Charles II. the terms were exactly synonymous; (if indeed, "mountaineer," and these both were not convertible terms); who were evidently on the route to their mountain home from an inroad on their natural enemies of the plains. After a minute's stony stare into the darkness in the direction of the summer-house quarter of the Darro, the man on the rock spoke, but without bending either glance or muscle towards his companion.

"There is no sign yet, Gil. Is it possible they could have wrestled out of the ropes and stopped the fire?"

"No, no," answered Gil de Cordova; "Mateo and Pedro drew the cords too tight, and, besides, I'll answer for the fire. And see! Manuel Sanchez, if the Administrator's house is not a little more visible now."

As he spoke, he sprang up the side of the rock and pointed in the direction where his companion had been steadfastly looking.

"Ay, by Santiago," burst out Manuel, making the armed butt of his trabuco ring against the little rocky platform, "the flames of the sacrifice arise. Burn, destroy, if ye can, the hateful home of the Montemayor. Crumble it, and blacken it, and end his habitation; and may the curse rest on his race and name!"

"Hombre!" muttered Gil de Cordova between his teeth, "he takes kindly to the trade. When I spoiled a man, I rather blessed him than otherwise. But there's more in all this than any of us know."

Amongst the hyacinthine shadows below in the pleasant fields of the Darro, a red spot was gleaming like the fire of an opal. Presently it lost its indistinctness, and shot and leapt into long waving flames, whilst above a dark crown of heavy smoke hung ominously. Round about, the clumps of garden trees, and here and there a white villa wall, were revealed fitfully by the glare proceeding from a large country-house which had evidently been fired in every part of its combustible framework. The flames had apparently attracted the attention of the sentinels on the city and Alhambra walls, for the night breeze bore the sound in gentle gusts up the barranco to the listening bandits (if such they were), of church bells ringing, and the rapid roll of drums, as if the garrison were turning out.

"In ten minutes more," said Manuel quickly, "the government dogs will be on our track. Hark! that's the assembly sounding. I know it well. 'Tis not the first time they have had a moonlight hunt up this barranco. Curses on them all!—they are all of a pack—king, and judge, and officer, and soldier! What say you, Gil? I'm in a mood for fight—shall we give them a lesson in guerrilla war?"

"Hum—my Captain—I don't know that. You see, if it had been only an ordinary affair—taking a few mules and some odd bags of ounces—and, mayhap, settling a vociferous peasant in our mountain mode—I wouldn't have cared to square up matters here as we stand; but, by the holy faith, when the governor finds his administrador finished—

—"Ha! is it so?"

"Well, yes. You see he was in a desperate way, and it was in self-defence. But he was your foe, my captain?"

"My foe!" bitterly replied the other, "find out a word, man, that 'foe' tenfold will not match. But he is dead—dead."

As he slowly repeated the word, he leaned his head over his gun, and his sombre brow grew still darker.

"And then that strange fancy of yours," continued Gil de Cordova, "to take his child away. 'Crambo!'"

"'Tis a kind of booty you would not take with you, amigo," replied the other; "but to me it is of price, because it was my enemy's greatest wealth. He took from me a maiden's heart—and having taken it, he crushed it—"

"—I thought there was a woman at the bottom of it," muttered Gil, with an air of satisfaction, as if a theory of his were justified by the fact. "And that sent you to the hills, my captain?" he added, aloud.

"It did. And now you know why Manuel Sanchez is one of you."

After a moment's pause, as if doubtful whether to say more, Sanchez, in short stern sentences, spoken in that monotonous hard way that extreme suffering alone begets in a nature hot and passionate, recounted to his camarado the story of his wrongs. It seemed as if it were wrung from him by that wasting fire in the plain, and to justify the abduction of the innocent child of the administrador of the Generalife. He had been a small farmer of the Vega, and the proprietor of a train of mules, which brought him an income warranting a little display in Granada at the dances and fiestas, and making him rather a catch for the young girls of the district. But Dolores, the miller's daughter of Santa Fé, had won his heart. And a very pretty girl was Dolores. Sometimes her old father would allow her to go with her lover to a fiesta in the city, and then not a handsomer Andalusienne—not a more bewitching boddice or trimmer basquina, was to be seen undulating through the fandango. The rose that she wore into the darkness of her hair had no subtler beauty than the red of her cheeks, and the traditional depths of a Spanish-Arabian eye would have found yet a deeper one still in the glance of Dolores de los Molinas. And this fatal dower of beauty brought her ruin. One St. John's eve, whilst fires were lighting up every crevice and headland of the circling hills, and anthems mingled with boleros, and happy crowds filled the Saint's eve with revelry and the lightest of devotion, a few young aristocrats mingled with the populace, taking advantage of the license of the night to admire and even accost the pretty damsels from the plains. The custom of the country warranted all this, nor could Manuel openly resent the manner or the compliments of the *roué* Marques de Montemayor, who held the honorary post of Administrator of the Generalife, or royal grounds adjoining the Alhambra. 'Twas the old, old story—vanity, jealousy, bickering, and a lost maiden. Within, the year Manuel Sanchez was an altered man. He had seen his betrothed spurned from her own father's door, to wander away, she knew not where; and when, in the plenitude of his anger and indignation against De Montemayor, he sought for justice, he found that the gentle blood of his enemy and the weight of his order availed for protection against the consequences of even heavier crimes than the spoiling of the daughter of a



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CHAPTER I.

THE MIDNIGHT RAID.

THE prologue to this romance opens on a certain evening of September, in the year of grace 1690, Charles II. of unhappy memory then reigning over the remnants of Spain the great. The scene is Granada—on which the first floating shadows, pearly grey, of an Andalusian night, were settling down. To a fanciful view, these shadows stole down the Alpuxarras and the Mountain of the Sun, like stealthy bandoleros, to seize on the plump treasures of the Vega below. One by one the characteristic features of the landscape and its town were blotted out in the increasing darkness. The eye could no longer detect the ruined Alhambra or old Moorish watch-tower on the range of hills that, in the time of the Ommeyas, barriered the Moslem Elysian-fields of the Vega against Christian aggression. The level sunbeams had been long struck upward like a sword-stroke from the red walls of the Alhambra, and the city itself lying at foot of fortress was grim enough in its amorphous blackness. By and by, the Andalusian moon threw its dream of light—a lamp to read tradition by—over the plain, and suggested images of what the night had hid. Still lay the city grimly: but its upper towers and the Alhambra cincturing the hill, and the long valley of the Darro, and the uplands with gleaming pavilions such as the Moors bequeathed to luxury, gleamed in the moonlight. The extraordinary softness of light—the extreme etherealness of the atmosphere—summed up in the reminiscence "Andalusian"—were intensified by the stillness. The hour of the "oracion"—the Spanish Vespers—had long since passed in clang of bell, in prayer and evensong—and not even a late muleteer, with his speed quickened with thoughts of the posada and a game at monte, and perhaps a castanet dance with a buxom Andalusienne, broke through the serene silence with his tinkling train. Doubt not but that in yonder city of Granada—down, too, in the gardens of the Alameda, and by the murmured margin of the Xenil—there is sound enough and to spare; but that the lover woos his dark fair with strange intervals on his guitar, and the eternal many-meaning "ay de mí"—but that laughter is ringing through the fandango and the bolero; or, most musical of all, that the low tones of the love-lorn senorita are breathing their music on many a roving ear; but where we place our characters in this opening, in a barranco of the Mountain of the Sun, far above, though close to, the city—not a sound is to be heard. Such was the scene—as it were the lifeless, empty stage before

the play is played. Another moment, and the theatre we have described presents another sight.

On an isolated rock in the barranco of the Murdered Muleteer—(there was a cross there to his nameless memory, set up by some good Christian, and before which the wayfarer bent in a momentary fit of prayer)—stood, gauntly erect and defined against the blue shadows, a stern-browed young man—in a picturesque dress, half that of a muleteer, and the other half that of a contrabandista. He was fully armed, with pistols and long knife in his belt, and his hands were crossed, as over a staff, on a trabuco. Below him, similarly equipped, but lacking, so far as the uncertain light would indicate, the individuality—the natural command—that were paramount in the expression of him of the rock, lounged a contrabandista—if not worse—with his gaze sometimes fixed on his chief ('twas evident that he of the rock was the chief), and anon concentrated on a certain spot at the mouth of the valley of the Darro beneath. Up the barranco might be descried, though indistinctly, the forms of a number of armed men—guerrillas or contrabandistas, for, sooth to tell, at this epoch of the distracted reign of Charles II. the terms were exactly synonymous; (if indeed, "mountaineer," and these both were not convertible terms); who were evidently on the route to their mountain home from an inroad on their natural enemies of the plains. After a minute's stony stare into the darkness in the direction of the summer-house quarter of the Darro, the man on the rock spoke, but without bending either glance or muscle towards his companion.

"There is no sign yet, Gil. Is it possible they could have wrestled out of the ropes and stopped the fire?"

"No, no," answered Gil de Cordova; "Mateo and Pedro drew the cords too tight, and, besides, I'll answer for the fire. And see! Manuel Sanchez, if the Administrador's house is not a little more visible now."

As he spoke, he sprang up the side of the rock and pointed in the direction where his companion had been steadfastly looking.

"Ay, by Santiago," burst out Manuel, making the armed butt of his trabuco ring against the little rocky platform, "the flames of the sacrifice arise. Burn, destroy, if ye can, the hateful home of the Montemayor. Crumble it, and blacken it, and end his habitation; and may the curse rest on his race and name!"

"Hombre!" muttered Gil de Cordova between his teeth, "he takes kindly to the trade. When I spoiled a man, I rather blessed him than otherwise. But there's more in all this than any of us know."

Amongst the hyacinthine shadows below in the pleasant fields of the Darro, a red spot was gleaming like the fire of an opal. Presently it lost its indistinctness, and shot and leapt into long waving flames, whilst above a dark crown of heavy smoke hung ominously. Round about, the clumps of garden trees, and here and there a white villa wall, were revealed fitfully by the glare proceeding from a large country-house which had evidently been fired in every part of its combustible framework. The flames had apparently attracted the attention of the sentinels on the city and Alhambra walls, for the night breeze bore the sound in gentle gusts up the barranco to the listening bandits (if such they were), of church bells ringing, and the rapid roll of drums, as if the garrison were turning out.

"In ten minutes more," said Manuel quickly, "the government dogs will be on our track. Hark! that's the assembly sounding. I know it well. 'Tis not the first time they have had a moonlight hunt up this barranco. Curses on them all!—they are all of a peck—king, and judge, and officer, and soldier! What say you, Gil? I'm in a mood for fight—shall we give them a lesson in the war?"

"Hum—my Captain—I don't know that. You see, if it had been only an ordinary affair—taking a few mules and some odd bags of ounces—and, mayhap, settling a vociferous peasant in our mountain mode—I wouldn't have cared to square up matters here as we stand; but, by the holy faith, when the governor finds his administrador finished—"

—"Ha! is it so?"

"Well, yes. You see he was in a desperate way, and it was in self-defence. But he was your foe, my captain?"

"My foe!" bitterly replied the other, "find out a word, man, that 'foe' tenfold will not match. But he is dead—dead."

As he slowly repeated the word, he leaned his head over his gun, and his sombre brow grew still darker.

"And then that strange fancy of yours," continued Gil de Cordova, "to take his child away. 'Crambo!'"

"'Tis a kind of booty you would not take with you, amigo," replied the other; "but to me it is of price, because it was my enemy's greatest wealth. He took from me a maiden's heart—and having taken it, he crushed it—"

"—I thought there was a woman at the bottom of it," muttered Gil, with an air of satisfaction, as if a theory of his were justified by the fact. "And that sent you to the hills, my captain?" he added, aloud.

"It did. And now you know why Manuel Sanchez is one of you."

After a moment's pause, as if doubtful whether to say more, Sanchez, in short stern sentences, spoken in that monotonous hard way that extreme suffering alone begets in a nature hot and passionate, recounted to his camarado the story of his wrongs. It seemed as if it were wrung from him by that wasting fire in the plain, and to justify the abduction of the innocent child of the administrador of the Generalife. He had been a small farmer of the Vega, and the proprietor of a train of mules, which brought him an income warranting a little display in Granada at the dances and festas, and making him rather a catch for the young girls of the district. But Dolores, the miller's daughter of Santa Fé, had won his heart. And a very pretty girl was Dolores. Sometimes her old father would allow her to go with her lover to a fiesta in the city, and then not a handsomer Andalusienne—not a more bewitching boddice or trimmer basquina, was to be seen undulating through the fandango. The rose that she wove into the darkness of her hair had no subtler beauty than the red of her cheeks, and the traditional depths of a Spanish-Arabian eye would have found yet a deeper one still in the glance of Dolores de los Molinas. And this fatal dower of beauty brought her ruin. One St. John's eve, whilst fires were lighting up every crevice and headland of the circling hills, and anthems mingled with boleros, and happy crowds filled the Saint's eve with revelry and the lightest of devotion, a few young aristocrats mingled with the populace, taking advantage of the license of the night to admire and even accost the pretty damsels from the plains. The custom of the country warranted all this, nor could Manuel openly resent the manner or the compliments of the *roué* Marques de Montemayor, who held the honorary post of Administrator of the Generalife, or royal grounds adjoining the Alhambra. 'Twas the old, old story—vanity, jealousy, bickering, and a lost maiden. Within, the year Manuel Sanchez was an altered man. He had seen his betrothed spurned from her own father's door, to wander away, she knew not where; and when, in the plenitude of his anger and indignation against De Montemayor, he sought for justice, he found that the gentle blood of his enemy and the weight of his order availed for protection against the consequences of even heavier crimes than the spoiling of the daughter of a



Vega boor—as the father of Dolores was esteemed by the authorities at Granada. With rage in his heart, and the deep curse of an abiding despair resting on him, Manuel Sanchez swore a terrible vendetta against his foes—for such he accounted not only De Montemayor, but also every constituted authority in the land. His was the wild unmeasured hate of one who had suffered a wrong that could scarcely abide a protracted reckoning; and he had not only waited—but waited in vain. Therefore it was that, in his eyes and to his heart, every form of justice was a trammel, every officer of the state an abettor of wrong; and against one and all he swore to take terrible vengeance. With the prompt and accurate judgment that a settled purpose usually confers, Manuel Sanchez soon saw that the unaided arm of a muliteer—more especially when that muliteer was very well known to entertain feelings of malice *présumée* against the nobility in general and the Marques De Montemayor in especial—could further his scheme but feebly, and in a moment he decided on the only means by which he could command his vengeance. That was, as we have seen, becoming an outlaw. There was no difficulty about the step. If he could not summon a Mephistopheles, he could at least be one himself, in so far as the power of doing mischief was concerned. Never was Spain in a more lawless and anarchic state than under the feeble rule of Charles II. Order, except in the heart of the garrison towns, was utterly set at naught. The entire field of Spain, from the Alpujarras to the Guadarramas and the plains of La Mancha, was an encampment of bandits, regularly divided into communities, regularly officered, regularly governed. One of the most notorious gangs in all Granada was that which lurked—if open possession could justify that term—in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, amongst the ravines and ruins of St. Elena and the Mountain of the Sun. At the time that poor Dolores went astray, the chief of this band was shot in a skirmish with the government troops close to the walls one night, and this coming to the ears of the wrathful and brooding Sanchez, instantly suggested his course. He sold his mules and what else of goods he possessed, threw his gun over his shoulder, and one afternoon strode fearlessly up the rocky sides of the hills into the very heart of the guerilla country. His meeting with the bandits was characteristic of the man.

"There," he cried, throwing a pouch of gold amongst the crew as they surrounded him with menacing looks—"Behold all the wealth I have in the world. I throw in my lot with yours. There is no hate you have against them in yonder city"—pointing to Granada—"that I have not. You want their gold—I their blood. Let me take the one—you the other. Is it agreed?"

This speech exactly suited the humour of the rough robbers to whom it was addressed. It was the touchstone by which he gained their ear and—if you like—their heart. They gave him the red right-hand of a bloody brotherhood, and speedily the guerillas of the Mountain of the Sun became ten-fold the plague and terror of Granada. Meanwhile De Montemayor became a benedict, marrying the daughter of an old Andalusian house, and forgot awhile in the society of his young and beautiful bride, the past and its pale phantom figures threatening and beseeching in turn. He heard, indeed, the public gossip that the muliteer, whose love he had mocked and whose betrothed he had ruined, was become a thief and perchance a murderer—certainly a bad neighbour—but De Montemayor scorned to connect this with any of his own doings for a cause, and laughed as he dallied with the Marquesa's raven hair—the while she rebuked him prettily for his anti-matrimonial escapades. In due time she brought him a child—a fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter, (strange colour for Andalusia) whom in very wonderment they called Solisa. The little thing grew into the grace and blossom of a year. Then afar above, in the Mountain of the Sun, a dark-browed man murmured "It is time." The rest the reader can infer from what has been written above. 'Twas a complete vengeance, a smoking ruin, where stood the home of Montemayor; near which a distracted mother wandered feebly, calling her child, whilst her murdered husband weltered in his blood.

All this Sanchez, elevated by his special hardness to the chieftainship, briefly told his trusty lieutenant Gil de Cordova, a decent cut-throat, destitute of the romance of hate, love, or any other passion not purely sensual. As he finished his narrative, still watching the flickering light from the Montemayor's house, a ragged urchin, wearing his mantle however with the

hereditary grace of a hidalgo, suddenly appeared beside the rock, breathless with haste.

"What is't, boy?" enquired the captain.

"A woman, señor, has come for you."

"A woman?" ejaculated both Manuel and his lieutenant.

"Ay, señores,—she came up the hill in your absence, and lies in the tower by the bridge, ill—dying. I wish I knew where there was a priest, I'd go myself for him. But she constantly asks for you, señor," (addressing Sanchez) "and seems to know you."

"Strange!" murmured the brigand chief—"Who can it be?"

"Hark—the drums," cried Gil suddenly—"the soldiers are on the march up the hill. Fuerte malditos! Come, captain, Granada will be too hot to hold us by sunrise."

"Rouse the men," replied D'Alcázar, leaping from his stand, "let us make the tower by the bridge, then away across the country till the hounds are thrown off the scent."

The guerillas were soon astir, and as they took the line of march, a band of determined, muscular fellows—some laden with household stuffs—others driving a mule before them—some hilariously drunk—others singing a little romanza—was discovered, such as an equal number of paid soldiers of the crown would have little cared to meet. Two of them lagging in the rear—apparently by orders—bore between them a child's cot wrapped in velvet stuff—under which slept serenely in the dreamless innocence of babyhood, the infant daughter of the murdered De Montemayor. The captain and his lieutenant, ever and again turning a heedful ear to the distant notes betokening pursuit, brought up the rear of this strange cortège, as it wound quickly and surely through the bare and scorched passes leading up to the brows of the Mountain of the Sun.

CHAPTER II.

THE TOWER BY THE BRIDGE.

The soft Andalusian influence still pervaded the night, as the guerillas with their booty ascended the ravine, but the mildness of the atmosphere had intensified into a stifling sultriness, and long reaches of dun cloud came over the sky, ominous of one of those abrupt and dangerous thunder bursts which in warm climates come upon the inhabitants with scarcely any warning. The bandits, however, were well versed in such signs of the tempest as were given them by the heat and the changing sky, and strove still more quickly up the mountain. It was a weird spot at any time, more so by night with soldiers in pursuit and weary miles to traverse before the dawn flushed the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada. No vegetation grew underfoot or sprang, in lichen, moss, or fig tree, from the interstices of the cliffs, which hung fantastically overhead, or receded into lateral ravines, where the Moors had cut elaborately their rain-tanks, now broken and ruined, and the haunt (as the children of Granada said) of demon Saracens who sprang out at dusk and seized the unwary traveller. By-and-by, as the cortège surmounted the hill, the mule path which they were following dipped and led on through a dreary wilderness of rack and ruin. The fertile plain of the Vega, the city with its lights, were now lost, and in their place gloomed the sterile home of the robber and the goatherd who had sought to lose, and who, perchance, was an amateur bandalero himself.

Signals interchanged—lights struggling through the darkness—the ringing of mules' bits—and a tall tower rising spectrally beside a broken bridge that once spanned an arroyo, but now only a dry and rock-strown ravine—betokened the approach of the bandits to their head-quarters. It was a wild bivouac in truth—from the extemporised huts, formed with loosely-piled stones and parti-coloured blankets in the recesses of the adjoining sides of the ravine, to the tattered state of the old Moorish tower which evidently served as the residence of the chief. A few women—not the less dressed in showy attire, or possessing the native coquetry so inherent in the Spanish female character—were discernible standing at the door of the tower in relief against the yellow light from the interior. A circle of mules and small-sized mountain horses were picketed together hard by, tended by a handful of boys, not yet old enough to assume the gun and attiletto and make war on the plains. The characteristic feature of the encampment, even to an inexperienced eye, was the impromptu air which characterised all its surroundings. It was in fact not a village, but a camp;

not a station, but a bivouac. There were none of the conservative aspects of civilised life to be seen at this rendezvous in the Mountain of the Sun. It required but the blast of a hostile trumpet to set the whole camp in the saddle, and the strong arms of the robbers were powerful enough to carry their entire property—moveable, in the strictest sense of the word. But the fact was that most of these guerillas were very respectable people in other parts of the country. Forty and fifty miles away, in every direction of the compass, little homesteads, or ventás, or, it might be, shops in the towns, called a stout robber master. When times went hard, or the *placense* war wanted some new lace and cobweb hosen, her husband would bestride his mule and seek—covertly enough—a well-known rendezvous in the hills. It was by no means a difficult quest, and if one band were full, another needed recruiting, perhaps, after a losing razzia on a convoyed party of merchants, and it was easy for the honest husbandman to find a captain. This branch of cut-throat industry was, in a word, a regular pursuit amongst the labouring classes of the country at the epoch of which we are now treating, and such was the supineness of constituted authority, that the most notorious guerillas were allowed to come and go to and from their homes on the plains unharmed and even unquestioned. Sometimes their wives accompanied them to the hills—a fact which will account for the kind of women who were waiting the return of Manuel's band at the tower by the bridge—but these were generally old and charmless, and not likely to cause their husbands any pangs of jealousy.

As Manuel approached the women set up a howl partly of welcome and partly of grief.

"Ay de mí—ay de mí—" they cried, as the guerilla chief strode towards the low-browed archway which served the tower for a door. "And she is so young, señor. Madre di Dios, save the poor creature, for she is not a child of the hills! No—no—"

"Silence! silence!" cried Manuel, abruptly, pausing at the door, "you may have more need to weep and wail by morning for sorrow nearer home. Ho! Gil, get the mules and horses out. Unpick the train. Pack up, pack up, there—the soldiers are in pursuit, and be ready to start in ten minutes' time, if you do not want to be made acquainted with the Captain-General's cells before matins."

The law of self preservation instantly changed the note of the women, who instinctively sprang each towards her husband's hut, where her little finery lay. The hangers on of the camp, too, with ejaculations of "Hombre!" "Todos Santos!" and the like, were soon pulling at the long feeding tethers of the pack mules. The fighting men were, many of them, already in the saddle, whilst others were loading their trabucos and pulling their girths together for a rapid course. Gil assumed the command, as his leader disappeared into the tower, and ordered a squad to the front to reconnoitre, and one or two scouts were speedily scaling the almost precipitate walls of the barranco for the same purpose. That precaution taken against the approach of a hostile force, Gil bustled about the striking of the tents and loading of the mules.

Meanwhile Manuel had entered the tower, and pursuing a short and uneven passage partly hewn out of the natural rock, he arrived at a circular room, or rather dungeon, lit from the sides by several rude candles, or, more exactly, wicks floating in coarse oil. The details of the furnishing of the room, discovered by the dim yellow light, were such as might have been expected from the calling and character of its occupants. From the walls at intervals depended the inevitable striped blankets, in lieu of gaudier tapestry, and beneath these a quantity of skins and uncertain linen marked the couches of Manuel and his officers. A few benches and chairs of the rudest material, one or two small kegs of powder in a corner, a quantity of wine-skins, and jars filled with Val de Penas for the chief's own table, and the usual disarray of a rude bivouac, completed the wild appearance of the great room of the tower. Through the arched roof, broken in many parts, the heavens could be seen, with the stars and the gathering clouds. An inner stairway of stone—also tattered and broken like the tower itself, led from this room to the abandoned floor above. On this stair stood the messenger who had met Manuel on the march with the news of a visitor. The lad was gazing intently on a little group in the middle of the floor. The central figure was a young girl, recumbent on some furs and skins, and with her head reclined on the breast of an old Singara-looking woman. The girl had been very

beautiful: her large dark eyes, yet flashing with the troubled light of disease and an unquiet mind, were full of a passionate beauty, and her pale thin face, fallen in as it were under the attacks of an insidious foe, was yet a beautiful ruin, gleaming like marble amongst the long, dark, dishevelled hair. Her dress had been disarranged, to give her air and relief—but it bore the marks of travel-stain, if not poverty. The black bugles on the once neat basquina were torn off or hanging in tawdry festoons—the lace and little glimpses of white drapery that a Spanish girl knows so well to temper to the dark beauty of her face, were here a-wanting, and the once pretty high-heeled shoes which had been taken off her little feet, lay on one side 'racked and rent by the rude dints of the hills. It was in fact a ruin within a ruin. The Moors had built, and Time had demolished, the tower: God made, and Man spoilt, the girl.

A physician, tending a ward of an hospital and coming suddenly on a patient, broken and bleared and disfigured by famine and pestilence, in whose altered regards he traces with horror and an ineffable recollection of love, the look and the smile of a girl he had loved long before in happier time—this man, we say, might feel as Manuel felt when he gazed on the dying girl and recognised in her his lost love. It was indeed Dolores—but how changed from that miller's daughter whom half the Vega was mad about, and whose radiant loveliness enchained the roving admiration of the Marques of Montemayor! All this thought passed like the jumble of a dream through the brain of the guerilla as he stood startled at the feet of the young girl, with one foot advanced and his right hand lifted half in surprise half in fear, for there is no terror, save death, so awful as a meeting like this. At length his lips moved, and he ejaculated her name almost in a whisper:

"Dolores, Dolores!"

She was too weak to move even her head, but at his voice she bent her large eyes on her old love in one long look of concentrated affection not unmingled with the sadness that an awful sacrifice was then to be consummated at that supreme hour. There was all the serenity of the shadow of death on the face of Dolores, and Manuel, hardened and fierce, felt it. Her mute greeting—at once a prayer for forgiveness and an avowal of her last love just as he had once heard her first—brought the bandit to his knees by her side. He grasped her thin hand, and felt her hot forehead, then beckoned to a woman and told her to get water and wine, which he mingled in a horn and held to the dying girl's lips. It revived her and she spoke, but with difficulty.

"You were so long coming—so long. I was very, very ill. And the hill is so steep to climb. Ay de mi! I wished to die near you, Manuel—"

"No, no, you will not die, nina," said Manuel in the low tone of agony, "it has been a black past for us both, I know, but this is not the end. Do not speak so, Dolores, for it will make this night too much for me. You must not die now."

His manner, seeming to hide some dark meaning, struck even the feeble and flickering reason of the fast sinking Dolores. She clasped both her attenuated hands on his breast, and looked at him long and eagerly:

"Manuel, I have come from far to see you this night, I heard you had gone to the hills, and I knew why. Mercy, Mother of Heaven, mercy for me who am the cause of it all! But Manuel, you must not bear malice."

Here she looked round at the women and one or two men who were in the place, as if she wished them gone. Manuel motioned them to go, and they went. The two were left alone. She asked for some more wine and water, which he gave her, and then Dolores spoke again.

"Manuel, forego thy vengeance."

There was no answer.

"Promise me—'tis my dying wish, Manuel—to forego your just quarrel with—with—that man."

With a woman's fine instinct she forebore mentioning his name. Manuel had no resource but quibbling—for special pleading has its force and necessities even at a death bed.

"Why should you plead for him, Dolores? Did he not break your father's heart—did he not destroy my peace of mind—has he not killed you—maledición de Dios!"

"Ay!" she answered, wildly—"all true—all true. There has been enough of broken hearts and miserable deaths. Let them cease, Manuel, with me. I begot this evil—let it die with its wretched cause. They tell

me he is married and is happy: a beautiful wife, they say, and one child. Bless the child and bless the mother!"

The gloom of Manuel's brow darkened, as if the feeble light from the sconces had failed. With the blood of his rival on his hands, with the child in his grasp, and with the lurid glare of the sacked and burnt home of the Montemayors still haunting his eyes, our guerilla chief was not in the perfect frame of mind to echo the forgiveness of the dying girl. Besides it armed him against her pressing entreaties (alas! too late) to pardon his foe. His old hurt was opened, and the smart made him angry and proof against any influence for good.

"And this is what you tracked your weary way up the hills for? Not to see me, Dolores, you came. Not to ask my help, my forgiveness for yourself. But to see that this accursed aristocrat—this seducer—your paramour—"

A shriek from the wretched girl arrested him in his indignant rebuke, and he remembered once more the weakness of the poor thing, and kneeling by her took her wasted hand and chafed it between his.

"Be it as you wish, nina, I will not harm him:" Then he muttered to himself, "No—that is truth. He is beyond bullet or steel."

She understood him, for she pressed his hand convulsively, and breathing heavily, with eyes closed, she lay almost exanimate on the floor. At that moment the brigand was startled by the sound of a dropping fire of musketry. He started up and seized his trabuco. Dolores looked at him feebly as if inquiring what the noise portended.

"Nothing—nina—nothing. The soldiers have come after us. That's all—but they will do us no harm—Ho! Gil, they are upon us!"

This was addressed to Gil de Cordova, who entered hurriedly, armed to the teeth.

"Aye, captain, the scouts have fallen in, and our men are ready for the retreat. Take the command and let us be off. By the saints, I've no wish to be at Granada by the morning. 'Twill be a rough night too; I feel the rain coming down. So much the better! Philip's soldiers like their guard-room better than a storm on the hills with a foe in front!"

At this juncture the two men who had carried the crib of the infant Montemayor from the plain, entered the tower with their burden.

"What shall we do with the child of that accursed Montemayor," asked one of them gruffly, setting his burden down.

"Hombre!" said the other, "She squalls like a four-year-old. More life in her than her father—eh, Captain?"

"Fool—idiot," shouted Manuel, striking the last speaker to the ground with one rapid blow of his left hand; "are you or I the master here?"

During this dialogue Dolores had almost risen into a sitting position, as if electrified by the name of Montemayor. She knew all. What constructive anatomist is there in life like a woman? From a glance—an idle word—a pressure of the hand—she can build a life history. So did this poor example of all that is beautiful and weak in nature catch the few threads and weave the web that Manuel would fain have hid. Her first words showed that she knew everything.

"His child! Give it me."

They gave it her, for there are moments when a whim becomes a law. And the poor creature fondled her betrayer's child, and spent over it a tear or two, for she had no more to give. Manuel looked on stupefied. The shots continued, and Gil was impatient: the men had gone out, the one who had been struck swearing below his breath.

"We must go," muttered Gil de Cordova.

"But this girl—I cannot leave her," replied Manuel, in the same tone.

"She'll not keep us long. See!" said Gil more loudly: "I know the signs. Madre! this is an evil night."

The last moments of Dolores were nigh. Pressing the babe still more closely to her heart, she smiled, and spoke brokenly as if her mind wandered. Meanwhile the rain came down more heavily, and now and then a large drop struck down on the cheek of the dying woman like a tear. Manuel, forgetful of the foe, his danger, all, in fact, but this the death-scene of his old love, knelt by her in agony.

"Pretty babe—sleep—sleep," she murmured; "Thy mother's gone to the fiesta. Ha! ha! there are gay gallants there for the fandango. Sweet Child of the

Sun. Yes! yes! thou art a Child of the Sun. Golden hair, and born in the Mountain of the Sun. Ah!"

She died. Had she been a soldier no prompter volley could have rung out her death than the long, loud, roar that told the regular troops were close at hand. Not a moment could longer be spared to the past. The dead that night might indeed bury their dead. Manuel snatched the child from the breast of Dolores—paused a moment to gaze on the well remembered face that he might treasure that look in the years to come—and then left the tower with Gil de Cordova.

Faster came down the storm, extinguishing the torches carried by the King's men. The guerillas were riding and running away, a knot remaining as escort for the chief. Now and again a ball came whistling overhead. Manuel sprang into his saddle with the child wrapped in his mantle.

"Farewell, Granada, farewell!" he cried. "Forward! men, your lives are in the balance."

END OF THE PROLOGUE.

(To be continued.)

THE STOCKING-KNITTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SEIDEL.

Near to the table she sat, the maiden, and worked at her knitting;
True it was homeliest work, and you'll smile at my fancies about it;
But when she laid it down, and the work of the stocking was ended,
Still with a thoughtful face she gazed on the knitting before her.
Come, then, listen awhile, as I read you the thoughts of the maiden.
"Ah, if each loop was a thought, and each strand of the worsted a fancy,
What should I see in my work, what would it foretell for the future?
'Truly a tangled web of strange and wonderful fancies.
Many a dream from her knitting is woven, and many a maiden
As from an open book reads on with the click of her needles.
Gaily they rattle along, and life seems blithesome and bonny;
Now with a falling loop a tear wells up to my eyelid,
Oft with the snapping thread my shadowy darling has left me;
Then as I joined the yarn again he has come to my kisses.
Loops! ye were chains of my thoughts, some bright as a sunrise on ocean,
Some as dark as the grave, and some brought a balm to my sorrow.
Fears and doubts of my childhood, and tales of the gnomes and the fairies,
All were unravelled methought as I picked out the knots in the worsted;
So with the straightened thread I banished the phantoms of childhood.
Once my heart was breaking, as suddenly snapt I my needle,
Omen of fear and death, foreteller of doubt and disaster.
Vows that of old I had heard when I listened with cheeks of carnation,
Tender words of love in the musical voice of a wooer,
All arise from my knitting where long they have slept as in cerements!"
Thus then the maiden was thinking, as silent she gazed on her knitting,
Thus to my fancy she spoke, as the lithe little fingers were idle:
Go then to homeliest work, for the winsomest dreams of the Poet.

HENRY CLARKE.

A SKETCH IN CANADA.

BEFORE I commence the chronicles of our village—a very flourishing one in Upper Canada—I wish to convert myself into a text, and inflict a little personal narrative on my readers. After all, my discourse will hinge on a topic sufficiently interesting to most people, and one little understood out of Canada. When I came out here, some two or three years ago, I confess my notions of a vocation in the colony were undefined, but gorgeous and vast, like one of Turner's canvasses. Let me assert here, that emigrants of the better orders, with the drawbacks frequently attendant on good family and the possession of some ready money, are commonly vague in their plans, and delivered up to aimless generalities. For example, one favourite but hazy project with such people, supposes the purchase of thousands

on thousands of acres of wild land, and the realization thereof at some future period with extreme profit. I quote this delusion of the monied emigrant, having suffered from it myself; but there are many others. In my theoretical list of possible Canadian avocations, I certainly never put down the profession of a money-lender. Had any one proposed such a line of business to me, when I first came out, my answer would likely have been an indignant disclaimer; that in the involved life of London or Paris, such a profession might be called for, but never in the bright, primitive land of Canada; or some such ignorant speech. Besides, I had no very high opinion of the respectability of a money-lender. Banks and incorporations of a like nature were, of course legitimate and honourable enough; but a private discounter of bills I had always concluded to be a Jew, with the traditional tendencies of money-lending Israel—or something worse if a Christian.

Yet, to cut matters short, I find myself installed in a new township of Upper Canada as a professed money-lender, bill-discounter, and usurer in general to the district. Moreover, I consider that I have embarked in a legitimate, honourable, and beneficial profession, an assertion which is evidently suggestive of statistics. The fact is, that the capital of all the Canadian Banks put together is a mere drop in the bucket of provincial wants—wants increasing day by day. The Legislature has certainly done what it can to facilitate banking operations which might relieve the excessive tightness in money matters continually felt by all classes of the community; but still the supply is inadequate to the demand. A Banking Act was passed in 1850, to allow any individual or copartnership to establish a Bank and issue notes under certain conditions, one being that, before issue, £25,000 cautionary must be deposited with the Receiver-General in provincial or loan fund securities. All the Banks, including those privately chartered by the enactment of 1850, are in a flourishing state, and their stocks yield high average returns. They are, however, necessarily stinted in their discounting; and the various Bank agents through the country have daily to refuse accommodation on perfectly good paper. The consequence is inevitable—that private discounting is carried on to an unlimited extent. Every attorney, every tradesman even, deals more or less in *shaving* notes, as it is cantily phrased in Canada; and hence it becomes in many cases a regular and avowed profession.

I find this money-farming pursuit pays me better than any other investment probably would out here. Bills drawn at short dates, and well endorsed, yield from one to two per cent. per month; and in many instances, where the need of discount is urgent, I am almost afraid to mention the percentage charged; whilst money lent on the best landed security returns from 8 to 10 per cent. per annum, the Usury Laws being evaded in the bond by adding a bonus to the principal sum, equivalent to the overplus of legal interest. The simplicity of the Conveyancing Laws of Upper Canada, on the one hand, effectually settled any doubts in my mind as to the validity of a borrower's title; and, on the other, the strictness of the Registration Act renders it nearly impossible that I should be deluded into advancing money on a property already mortgaged to its full value. Such is the scarcity of money in Canada, especially in new settlements, that nearly every monetary transaction is managed by passing obligatory documents, which are rendered still more handy in consequence of the blessed exemption from stamped paper enjoyed by the Canadians. Tradesmen's accounts, for instance, are frequently settled (*quasi*) in this mode; and as these promises to pay are as frequently forgotten, the protesting and suing of such bills form a large part of the practice of an attorney. I have been beguiled into detail on this matter, as I believe it to be a thing not generally known out of the province.

To get back to my village: I cannot say, from my honest experience in a new Canadian township, that I live in a bower of roses, or hand forth money to necessitous expectants from among the lilies of life. I sojourn about a day's journey right back from Lake Ontario. When I say a day's journey, railways run not in my thoughts, and scarcely roads; therefore an equation of distance against time would, in this case, perhaps yield about fifty miles.

Our village is considered a rough kind of place in the province. Certainly externals are not in its favour. It is built of wood—not painted, for the most part—and rises, Venice-like, out of a swamp, through which sluggishly flows a bankless river. I need hardly say that the general health of our village suffers a little from

the circumambient swampiness—fever and ague being extensively known in the settlement. There is very little cleared land round about; everywhere we are shut in by the monotonous forest, whose foremost battalions are wreathed with the blue smoke ascending from the smouldering stumps of the clearings.

I sometimes wish we had real roads, and magistrates, and policemen. Three-fourths of our village are Irish, and terrible for secret societies and skirmishing with peaceable Protestants. There is a Priest, too, but he is an acquisition for many reasons, and is worth any number of policemen; for when an impromptu wager of battle has been arranged between two of his parishioners in the High Street, he thinks nothing of collaring them both, and stopping the duello at once.

Morally, there is not much to be said in favour of our village. Somehow, Sunday is a convenient day for going down the river, shooting or fishing; and from the scarcity of Protestant clergymen, (who are afraid of suffering martyrdom), the remaining fourth of our village, not Irish, never go to church at all.

Very erroneous notions are current respecting the amount of labour which backwoodsmen have to go through. I mean to say from personal observation that they have a very easy time of it, to all outward seeming. Indeed, few people in this deceitful world do half what is attributed to them. And so the common untravelled idea of civilized people is wrong, which pictures a backwoodsman hacking eternally at forest-trees, with a wife sitting by and singing a song of far-away home to him. They are beguiled from their labour and sweat in a less innocent way. Our village is an epitome of contradiction; harsh realities against sentiment. Indeed, being a wild place, without magistrates, and wanting the day in verity, which however, the law declares to be no day—being all these, our village comes to do everything oddly, and unlike other places in general. Pleasure and toil are curiously jumbled in a free and easy manner. Take one of our attorneys, a young fellow who has served his five years' articles and paid his few dollars at Osgoode Hall; well, he is drawing up his cognovits, mortgages, and so forth, arrayed in a red flannel shirt, and whilst smoking a pipe—his intention being shortly to go down the river in a canoe. But before he goes down, his client will perhaps pretermitt credit for once and pay him a brace of dollars, a joyful proceeding which they will celebrate with a drink at the nearest bar.

As for the farmers round our village, it would puzzle the oracle at Delphi—that navel of the earth—to announce how they do their work. For, to all appearance, they are in the occasional habit of setting fire to trees and allowing them to waste themselves out; and when they are not doing that, they are driving uncouth horses in uncouth waggons out and in about the village, with little apparent motive, except stopping to refresh at every recurring bar-room. And as a whole, the township is much in the same way. Fortunes are said to be made, for instance, in a store, a wooden, whitened-up hut—but when I go in, the chances are, that I find the clerks kicking their legs over a barrel, or playing High, Low, Jack, with a friendly shopman over the way. In fine, every business transacted in our district has such a charming air of originality, that I sometimes think our village is an illustrious exception, proving rules which exist everywhere else. However, I find that we are by no means singular through the length and breadth of Canada.

A day's journey over corduroy roads, and the miasmatic reputation of the district, combine together to keep us free from visitors. A hunting party from the front occasionally drop in upon us; or now and again, a cricket match is arranged between our village and any adventurous eleven who will come; on which occasions there is high carnival. I recall with placid mirth the last of our cricketing matches, which was against a United States Club who very kindly crossed Lake Ontario to play us. I think I shall never forget the *ensemble* of the American fielding-out. Eleven Yankees in eleven steeple-crowned hats, stood gravely waiting the contingency of the coming ball. It is a common remark that all Yankees are much the same in appearance, and our antagonists were proof positive of the saying. Standing there, in duplicate all over the ground, they looked like so many twins, with an odd one thrown in. And when the overs were called, it was irresistibly funny to see the eleven squirt tobacco together; and then to watch the steeple hats gravely and solemnly bob around in perplexing repetition.

If any one wishes to see solitude without charms, let him paddle down the river which divides our swamp, in

a canoe. There are no banks visible for miles. The river stretches darkly on either side in amongst the gloomy and impenetrable trees, the front ranks of which, whitened and decayed by the perennial moisture, look like a regiment of ghosts up to their knees in water. It is not very lively, paddling a canoe all alone, down our river. There is mysterious silence everywhere, except when a woodpecker commences to hammer coffins up a lofty tree, tap-tap-tap, measured and unearthly. Lots of fish, however, are to be caught, yellow and green bass, immense fat fellows; and the long flexible *maaske-longé*, which is famous eating.

Talking of angling puts me in mind of a story I heard at the cricketing supper we had on the occasion of our match with the U. S. eleven; which will be useful in illustrating an excessive tendency of our village to imaginative histories. I remark that we are in luck as to residents; possessing a number of men whose lives as related by themselves, are serials containing wonderful occurrences by field and flood. Our cricket-dinner or supper was of a vast and gothic nature, consisting principally of something to drink. It was held in a large store-room, belonging to one of our eleven, and the company sat upon bales, boxes, barrels, or whatever else offered. Amongst other legends of the old country, an expatriated Englishman favoured us with a fishing exploit of his more halcyon days.

"Ah!" he began, looking mournfully at the rafters, "it's all very well out here—but you should have seen the days I've seen in the south of England! Bless you, that's the place; there's nothing here, you haven't got there; and there's a good deal there you haven't got here. After all, it's poor work living out here. (*Dissenting chorus from indignant natives.*) Well, well, it's no use talking—but it's true, what I've been saying, all the same. I hear you talking about fishin', and shootin', and huntin', out here, but let me tell you they don't equal the fishin', and the shootin', and the huntin', at home. (*Strong symptoms of the chorus again.*) Now, I'm going to tell you of what I did myself in the fishing line a good many years ago. Yes! I was a great angler in those days. The time I speak of was my bachelor days, (*Encouraging murmurs of Oh, hang sentiment, from several rough cricketers.*) and I was living in town—London, that is, you know. We had a kind of angling-club—some three or four of us, and each of us thought himself the *nonpareil* fisher. If any one caught a big fish, he immediately gave a capital dinner at his club, and invited the rest to come and admire and envy his capture. I was bitten with the madness too; but, up to a certain visit I paid in the south, which you will hear more of presently, I had never thought myself justified in ordering a dinner at Boodle's. The rest of them used to chaff me about this, till I determined to stand it no longer, and set seriously about the attempt to catch something amazing in fins. Just as I had got to this resolution, I received an invitation to go down to the country for a day or two, and shoot oversome very fair preserves. Poor Simpkins—that was my friend's name—is dead and gone; he was in the 49th Fizzers, and as handsome a fellow as ever stepped; but unfortunately, one day at mess he was opening a soda-water bottle, when the cork struck him in the eye with a most tremendous bang, and finished him then and there. Sad fate, you'll say?—so it was, and it was the same fellow that asked me down to see him. No sooner said than done, for I knew the district was no end of a one for fishing; and it therefore suited my resolution to a nicety. The coach was a fast one, and we rattled away from the Elephant and Castle in splendid style. That's another thing you can't do out here—drive a coach at a decent rate—but never mind. It was about sundown when we got to Widgeon-cum-Mere, the village next to Simpkins' place, and getting out my valise and fishing-rod, I started to walk it—a distance of a mile or so. My friend Simpkins was of a sporting turn, and had as pretty a little place as you could wish to see; and what you never do see out here. Well, I was just walking quietly along the approach leading to the house, and wishing it was all mine, if agreeable to the Tenth Commandment, when I came in sight of a famous pool for fish, overshadowed by trees, and glistened here and there by the evening sun. (*Hear, hear, sarcastically, from an anti-sentiment cricketer.*) Well, gentlemen, what do you think I saw? (*A variety of humorous suggestions volunteered.*) Why, the very largest pike I ever set eyes on—a most magnificent animal as ever was! I felt a kind of faintness as I saw his splendid nose poking itself up for a fly; and imagination instantly pictured the long deferred banquet to my friends. I held up my rod, like the Bandits in the play of *what-d'ye-call-em*, and swore

to capture that royal, that heavenly fish. I believe between ourselves, that the pike heard me, for never did angler have such an obstinate struggle with obdurate fish, before or since.

First of all I wanted to leave my bag and announce myself arrived. The servant who answered my summons at the door, informed me that Simpkins had gone shooting on a neighbouring estate, not expecting me down that day, and that he would not be home till late. It did not matter—fifty, ay, a hundred Simpkinses could never match that millennial pike! Hastily getting my fly-book out and unpacking my rod, I quickly found my way back to the bank of the beautiful little mere, which was eventually to prove the scene of doughty battle.

He was there—yes!—I could make out his vast proportions, as he lazily moved to-and-fro, in the purple coloured water. So-ho! you won't take that—won't you? No he wouldn't take. Again, and again, and again I tried, and failed. At every fresh production from my pocket-book, this grand caliph of all that is beautiful in fish, would come up quietly, inspect it calmly, and then, with a gentle deprecation of his tail, was off to the other side in a moment. I was in despair; and to crown all, the sun had completely sunk behind one of Simpkins' neighbour's hills, and it was quite dusky.

With a sigh for glory lost, and my dinner at Boodle's indefinitely postponed, I was slowly unscrewing my top, when whirr-r-r! came something against my cheek, making me start with surprise. Whilst wondering what on earth it might be, back the something came with a rushing sound, in the immediate neighbourhood of my head, in the shape of a bat. Now, a bat is a villainously ugly-looking affair, and not a pet of anybody's I should think. So much the opposite indeed, that in illustrated editions of the Pilgrim's Progress, the artist's idea of Apollyon appears to be derived from a bat. But do you believe, gentlemen, that I dislike that reptile? No, gentlemen, I do not dislike it; on the contrary I cherish the memory of bats, and reverence the whole tribe of them.

When I saw the bat in question, a thought struck me. We have all our brilliant moments—that was mine. My Lord Pike would have nothing to say to small temptations—what would he say to a plump bat? With infinite trouble, gentlemen, and a white handkerchief, I caught that bat, and impaled him on the most gigantic hook I could find in my fishing-book. I then played him in admirable style—you will excuse the vanity of an old country-gentleman—in admirable style, over the darkening surface of the little lake. The pike couldn't quite understand it, except by the supposition that a good Providence had set agoing a new kind of fly, suited to his gigantic swallow. I think this must have been the view his Royal Highness eventually took, for up he came—opened his mouth—and didn't make two bites of the late lamented bat. The fight that fish showed was grand; but after playing him for nearly half-an-hour, I succeeded in landing, without a net, the most magnificent pike I ever saw.

Do you suppose I went back to my friend Simpkins' house? No, gentlemen; but I flung my pike over my shoulder, and taking the shrubberies for concealment, I slunk quietly back to the village. There was no stage for town that night, but I immediately ordered a post-chaise and pair, and doing up my fish in straw and charcoal, I was in another half-hour bowling away to London. Next morning I wrote to Simpkins, explaining away my sudden return to town, on the score of urgent business I had overlooked; but if my friend had looked in at Boodle's that evening about nine o'clock, he would have known more about my urgent business than my note gave him to understand."

I feel tempted to close my portfolio of Charcoal Sketches of our Village Life with a few sound morals to emigrants: but on second thoughts I refrain, knowing that very different notions of happiness and comfort exist among men.

THE HEAD-MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

No maiden e'er had such a choice
Of lovers, bending low before her,
Who thought no music like her voice,
Her eyes, as bright stars shining o'er her!
We vowed destruction to the man
In Cupid's magic net who caught her;
No maid was ever loved like Fan,
Our grave Head-master's only daughter.

We were but boys—but love makes men—
(So each one thought who owned his passion);
Our beards were very downy then,
But still our clothes were quite the fashion.
Our pocket-money went each day
In pink and in sweet-scented paper;
The smallest boy could glibly say
Lines to Fan's foot upon the scraper.

I know I thought she loved me well;
But Muggins said she'd made surrender
Of all her love to him; the spell
Made Tomkins boast of meetings tender;
And Alfred Biffin sighed, and swore
(He'd long black hair, was quite a poet)
He'd kissed her once behind a door—
And none but he and I should know it.

And when the Doctor parties gave,
Just fancy then the general feeling:
"I'll have my hair cut!" "Shall you shave?"
"How do I look?"—in tones appealing
Were heard throughout the school all day.
My words were—and I'm proud to state 'em
In quite a fine dramatic way—
"True love was nought without pomatum!"

Before the evening came, how each
With flashing eye and accents tender
Would oft rehearse the winning speech
He meant to make. We saw the splendour
Of Fanny's eyes and Fanny's dress,
Heard her sweet voice so low and thrilling,
And blushed, retreated in distress,
And vowed in private she looked killing.

A grand dragon was bending low,
And whispering soft o'er Fanny's shoulder;
I longed to meet him as a foe,
Devoutly wishing I'd been older.
Anon she came fast waiting by
With a tall ensign in the Rifles;
I really felt inclined to cry
With that—and trying two large trifies.

Time rattled on, and Muggins went
And lost an arm while storming Delhi;
Tomkins, to Alma Mater sent,
Now madly loves his cousin Nellie;
Of Alfred Biffin people tell
A story, but I hardly know it:
He wrote another's name too well—
Unhappy fancy of a poet!

I—at Bartholomew's, you see,
In ogling Science ere I caught her,
And grew a grave and stern M.D.—
Had quite forgot the Master's daughter:
But now I've pass'd—I wish, my dear,
You'd stop that baby's ceaseless clatter;
The bell! that's Fanny's husband here,
And in such haste—what is the matter?

ON THE ART OF DISSIMULATING.

If one wise in this generation were asked for the best advice whereby a young man might get on and prosper in the world, he might answer, if he answered according to the wisdom of his generation, by recommending the acolyte seriously to study the Art of Dissimulating. It would be a very worldly maxim, and at first sight a very heartless one, no doubt; one at which every moral law shakes its head, and against which all the precepts of childhood rise like reproachful phantoms. Honesty is the best policy, it is good to be honest and true, undeviating is the path of rectitude, tell truth and shame the Shameless One, say the phantoms. They are right of course—in the abstract; just as many immortal principles are right, before they come to be put into application,—the doctrine of forgiveness and forbearance, for example, what time the burglar is in your closet and the enemy's fleet off your shores. They are right—or would be in a world where they were never infringed; as it is, we must prove the excellent rule by the imperfect exception. Reverently we lay down the code which inculcates brotherly love, and go and strike down a fellow creature in battle, because self-protection requires it. So every day of our lives we lay down the maxims that breathe candour, straightforwardness, truth; because self-protection and the amenities of society equally require we should.

For it is undeniable that the social air we breathe is the air of Dissimulation. We inhale and exhale it in our most trivial acts. When the entry of a lady into a room where every chair is occupied causes you, though tired, to rise with alacrity from your seat and yield it to her, there is in your readiness a strong

smack of Dissimulation. When some rough neighbour jostles you in a crowd, and puts you to personal pain, his apology is met with a bland smile, and an assurance on your part that the inconvenience is nothing, which at the very least is essentially hypocritical. When you answer your wife's enquiry, whether you will take a potato, with a civil "If you please," you do not actually make your acceptance of the luxury contingent on her pleasure; you would probably take it whether she pleased or not. But as an exhibition of one's natural thought and natural roughness would expose a man to the charge of ill-breeding in each case, so a proper dissimulation is advisable as a simple rule of politeness. You would merely forfeit respect by keeping your seat, or cursing the booby, or boisterously demanding the potato; and you would gain no esteem in any one case, or even come to be considered an honest, rough, straightforward sort of fellow. Although we know these conventional forms are in themselves hollow and assumed, they lose nothing by the knowledge, but help us to get along with comfort and complacency.

For, to prove the truth of a theory by the error of its converse, on what is known in geometry as the *reductio ad absurdum* principle, there is no more abominable class of people to get on with in a superficial world, than the strictly honest and candid. So far from honesty being the best policy in our social relations, whatever it may be in trade, it is in the former instance not only the worst but the most incongruous and uncomfortable policy going. Your rough and bluff and tough man of the world is wholly a nuisance. An undeserved merit is oftentimes attached to the uncompromising bore who insists upon calling a spade a spade. He may attain a reputation for truth and uprightness by an assumption of what is the easiest style to assume on earth. The fellow whose unyielding love of truth compels him to blurt it out in the most inconvenient season, you may think must be a good fellow on whose honesty you may safely depend. And if his straightforwardness lead him occasionally into manifest error, so that he not only calls a spade by its proper name, but asserts that a hoe, and a rake, and a pitchfork, are all spades under different shapes—well, you pardon his mistake in your respect for his sincerity. If he did not mean well, you think, he would never defy prejudice, and even imperil his reputation by running contrary to all received notions. Oh, dupe of shallow artifice, it is the reputation for being thought honest, which is his reputation, and which he does not imperil. When others jog equably along in your own road, you distrust them as fawners and insincere friends; but this man, by disputing your path and flourishing his bluntness in your teeth, you regard as honest, and he knows it, and profits by it accordingly. In him is perhaps the shallowest hypocrisy of all; in him is the art of dissimulating best exemplified.

In all ages, the laggards of the world have enjoyed the confidence of the unsuspecting as good, blunt, reliable people. There is no egotism so common as the egotism which asserts itself to be purely candid. "If I have a fault," simper ingenuous young ladies daily, "it is that I always say what I really mean," and of course you are expected to praise the fair confessor for her openness. "Mamma often scolds me for being so unguarded; but I cannot dissemble." One generally distrusts the innocent who thus sweetly warbles. If she is not constantly getting into hot water herself, she at least very often treats her friends to a warm bath of discomfort by her ingenuous propensities. There is the matronly lady, too, who always speaks her mind, and who is still more insufferable, because less interesting, than the young one. She is generally married, usually stout, always loud and uncompromising, and the horror of the sensitive. She takes a pleasure in putting you to great mental pain in order to exhibit her frankness and sincerity. She will tell you that your last book was great rubbish; that your singing is not so good as it used to be; that she does not think wine agrees with you, or that you can stand it well. She is generally sharp enough to discover that you are sensitive of ridicule about a certain attachment; and her great joy is to trot out your susceptibilities before a select audience. And if she can cut a jest at the expense of your carefully got up exterior, it is a considerable relief to her candid mind. Oh for some lesson by which one might impress on these plain-speaking bores the beauty of practising the art of dissimulating!

Straightforward nuisances of the sterner sex are

more easily silenced than lady-tormentors; but we frequently meet with the ingenuous among men. Young men—especially in their intercourse with young ladies—are wont to profess a bird-like guilelessness of insincerity, which is truly touching. "I sincerely desire," gravely observes young Coddington, in the midst of an æsthetic flirtation, "that all whom I esteem may know me thoroughly." Heaven help thee, Coddington! You wish that your fair colloquutor, to whom you refer as being among those you esteem, should know you thoroughly? Do you wish that she should know those little things which are in the lives of most men, and which cannot be known but by forfeiting the esteem of the world? Do you wish that she who knew you at that small orgy last night, when you were mortally afflicted by some undiscovered means? Or that she should know you to-morrow at your matutinal meal on bitters and the flavour of stale dissipation? Would you that she knew all the secrets of your shallow heart—no worse, however, than the hearts of the multitude around you? Ah! there is that within each human breast never intended for the knowledge of others—that which cannot be known and accepted, even by the freest and most forgiving love.

As a certain degree of dissimulation is thus admitted as necessary, we may assert it into several kinds. There is the Dissimulation of Virtue, which is oftenest met with, and patent to all. The Tartuffes and Pecksniffs and Stigginses are so well known as to require no comment. But there is a far meaner species of hypocrisy, which may be called the Dissimulation of Vice. It is so much the more mean, that it affects the practice of what is odious, for mere reputation among the wicked; and it is practised by those who have not the moral hardihood to be bad, but wish to be considered so. Young men in the present day are addicted to it; young men whose glory it is to be thought dashing and dissipated, but who have not the perverted strength of mind or courage to be really that which they pretend to be. It is strange how many hover between morality and immorality, and claim kindred with the partizans of both. Like the Bat in the fable, they possess qualities which enable them to rank with the birds of purity and the beasts of vice. It is no uncommon thing to hear one of these anomalous professors lay claim to having done some despicable act, which he had never the effrontery to attempt, lay claim to it simply with the view of being thought a fine fellow by his faster friends, who, by the way, perhaps despise him the more for his deceit. Though the hypocrisy of candour be the most ridiculous, and the hypocrisy of virtue the most dangerous, the dissimulation which affects vice is by far the meanest and incaleculably the worst of all.

The foregoing heads, however, illustrate dissimulation in its lowest phases. Occasionally it used to serve a good end, or to conceal what would afflict or distress. Occasionally it mounts to sublimity and becomes heroic. When men disguise their human fear of pain and death, in order to inspire others with courage, or to suffer no taint of cowardice to rest on a good cause, their dissimulation appeals to all that is noble in our nature. Few of us are unacquainted with the old fable of the Spartan boy and the fox; and we admire the sturdy hypocrisy, which would die sooner than betray. Instances, too, are countless of martyrs expiring under torture with a smile on their lips, such as is usually called forth by pleasure alone. It was undoubtedly unnatural in the sufferers to smile: a cry of anguish would have been more appropriate and more truthful; but they had a cause to support, and their derision of human weakness was heroically grand. And have not most of us under sorrow known what it was to dissimulate, and hide a heavy heart for some dearer sake than our own?

There is a less heroic, but very useful kind, which may be called generically Conventional Dissimulation. It is that essential state of being which pervades society, which is rooted in drawing-rooms, and blossoms in evening dress. It is so distinctly a part and parcel of our character, whenever we become gregarious, that the act of putting on a white tie or a pearl necklace appears to comprise a moral putting on of something different from our daily nature, which is only intended for evening use, and which will be again changed on returning home. And though this artificial state is to some extent common to all our habits in society, it comes to fullness and ripens most in the evening. You may meet people during the day—in walks—in rides—at matinees—at church: and your intercourse with them is natural enough. You meet the same people

under the influence of dinner and gas-light, or music and dancing, and neither you nor they are the same beings. An artificial halo surrounds you both: you both must needs practise conventional dissimulation. You retire to dress a natural being: you emerge armed for social battle an amiable hypocrite. The writer has felt this painful metamorphosis commence with the ringing for hot water and slowly increase and culminate with the tying of the cravat. It is strong upon him, as he gets into the cab. He is pained with the consciousness of it, upon entering the arena of dissimulation, and upon recognising in an absurdly unnatural manner his intimate friends, who, on their part, return the recognition with the same pitiable air of helpless hypocrisy. By the time he has become involved with more distant acquaintance, his unhappy frame of mind evinces itself more markedly. He has on such occasions found his tone of voice change and acquire in its notes something of the consistency of melted butter. And the consciousness of his abject nature under such circumstances is the more painful, that he knows he is not appearing thus to advantage, and that he sees others are not appearing to advantage, and yet that he does not know where matters might be remedied, or how to remedy them. He has—before admitting the necessity of conventional dissimulation as a great principle—attempted to revert to a state of nature, and signally failed. By trying to talk and act unconstrainedly and as an uncivilised human being would, he only succeeded in making himself still more uncomfortable, and creating an impression involving a charge of snobbishness. Under which aggrieved circumstances he has found it best to re-enter the pale of dissimulation, and to make himself as polite a hypocrite as he can during the term of his unnatural life.

And it is better, after all, that it should be so. We are constituted essentially hollow: if dissimulation puts on a pleasant surface, and hides the sterility below, where is the harm? Nay, let it enter, if necessary, into every relation of existence—into friendship, for instance. I have some very dear friends: A. is my most intimate associate; B. is an excellent fellow; C. I esteem highly. But they have all faults, as I know very well. Is it necessary that I show them I know their faults, and that I see through them perfectly? By no means; for would not a hint as to their transparency only embitter our friendship? I know, for instance, that A., though the soul of honour, is rather addicted to tell untruth; but I would not exhibit the smallest incredulity of his statements. B., I am aware, is not to be trusted at games of chance; but I would not for the world impugn B.'s honesty in his presence. So when A. calls on me, I receive him as my good friend; and talk over the character of B., and deplore his looseness of moral scruples. Presently B. enters, and we are overjoyed to see him. A. leaves the room for five minutes, and B. and I agree that A. is a preposterous crammer. And when A. and B. leave me, and go away arm in arm, they discuss my character in the street, and agree that I am a bit of a sneak. *Solt*: I do not hear them, and am happy, for we are all good friends; but I am terribly enraged with C. next day, who does overhear them, and who informs me of their criticism. Stupid ass! could he not leave me in my ignorance; could he not appreciate the Art of Dissimulating?

There is another kind of the art which may be called Dissimulation of Inaction, which is purely negative in character. It consists in taking no step at all either to propitiate or repel people, and it is generally very successful. Some year or two ago there appeared in *All the Year Round* a little sketch of society in which the narrator describes himself as a social Measuring Post, who was much asked out, that people might have an opportunity of comparing themselves by his standard, and of going away with the flattering consciousness of their own superiority. The narrator was aware of this, and kept his own counsel, and remained unobtrusive and agreeable and was accordingly much sought in society. It was a truly great idea. I could indicate an acquaintance of mine who serves as a Measuring Post, and who is equally successful. Relying on a prepossessing face and manner, and on an indisposition to push himself forward, in which he knows he would not succeed, this man is eminently happy in his negative attractions. You cannot ruffle him, or induce him to oppose you; he will coincide with everything you advance—not abjectly, but simply to be polite. He is great in opening the door, when the ladies retire; useful to walk with down the street and enlighten you as to the notables of this world; invaluable as a listener to your oldest jokes or prodest story. He shines in nothing, but is gentlemanly in

everything; and you know that he is mentally an ass, infinitely inferior to yourself, and like him the better for it. He is probably the veriest hypocrite alive, and an awful bully at home; but he practises his negative dissimulation, and does it well.

Thus, when we find it flourishing everywhere around us—rooted in our cellars and growing over our house-tops—shall we not perfect ourselves in the Art of Dissimulation? Confound it! there is that detested bore Grampus crossing the street and ringing the bell. Just as a new train of thought was opening out, too! Of all unmitigated bores that man—Ah, my dear boy, how are you? It an age since I saw you, and I was only this morning wishing you would give us a call. Of course you will stop and dine? So very good in you to come, just as I was wearying for something to do!

PALINGENESIS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

(From *Macmillan*.)

I lay upon the headland-height, and listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea

In caverns under me,
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and glistened,
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started;
For round about me all the sunny capes
Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I had known in gleams departed,
Apparelled in the love which gleams
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore
Stood lonely as before;
And the wild roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind and shed
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the ember
Of all things their primordial form exists,
And cunning alchemists
Could re-create the rose with all its members
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,
Without the lost perfume.

Ah, me! what wonder-working, occult science
Can from the ashes in our hearts once more
The rose of youth restore?
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance
To time and change, and for a single hour
Renew this phantom flower?

"Oh, give me back," I cried, "the vanished splendours,
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,
When the swift stream of life
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap
Into the unknown deep.

And the sea answer'd, with a lamentation,
Like some old prophet wailing; and it said,
"Alas! thy youth is dead?
It breathes no more; its heart has no pulsation;
In the dark places with the dead of old
It lies for ever cold!"

Then said I, "From its consecrated cements
I will not drag this sacred dust again,
Only to give me pain;
But, still remembering all the last endearments,
Go on my way, like one who looks before,
And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plantations?
Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow
Of sunsets burning low;
Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations
Light up the spacious avenues between
This world and the unseen—

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,
What households, though not alien, yet not mine,
What bowers of rest divine;
To what temptations in lone wildernesses,
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,
The bearing of what cross—

I do not know: nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which hold
The story still untold,
But without rash conjecture or suggestion
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
Until "The End" I read.

MUSIC ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.]

THE newest item of Continental news is a new operetta by Offenbach, lately produced at Ems. Greater success has the prophet honoured in Vienna had with his present production than with the serious opera of recent times affected by him; so that, as the critics phrase it, "Offenbach, after temporary attachment to serious opera, has returned to the arms of his true love." And first love is best, for Ems has honoured Offenbach with success. All his old humour, his piquant wit and flowing melody are found in this, and would be even more apparent, but that the oft-repeated failing again produces itself, and an excellent opera has a bad book. True, the libretto affords here and there an opportunity for a humorous scene, but the pith of the plot is by no means original, and has been worked out in an old comedy, to which tradition assigns the name of Jacob Ayer as author. The action is farcical, not at all intricate, and even less interesting than intricate—standing briefly thus: *Herr* and *Frau Robin* are small tradesmen (if the word tradesmen can ever be applied to a couple of whom one partner is feminine—but trades-people, in fact) of the last century, between whom some matrimonial differences arise. The husband is rather too fond of professional society, and too ready to stand suppers to lady performers after the curtain is down, to please the good *Frau*. On the other hand *Frau Robin* revenges herself by accepting a present of roast fowl from the Procurator, which present, be it only in justice remarked, arrives by pure accident, being intended for somebody else. One evening, however, when *Herr Robin* has gone out to stand another supper to his dramatic friends, the neglected wife declares she can bear it no longer, and decides on divorce. So she writes a letter to the Procurator, requesting his attendance and legal counsel, pending whose arrival she prepares a bit of supper. While this is going on, a "jo" of the servant-maid's—the piper of a marching regiment—comes to pay his devoirs to his domestic love. Some obstacle putting off the professional supper, back comes *Herr Robin* to his home, to the great discomfiture of both *Frau*, servant-girl and sweetheart; for the wife, although her business with the Procurator is strictly official, is naturally desirous of keeping her to-be-divorced husband in the dark, and the maid and her sweetheart see a tête-à-tête interrupted. The "jo" hides himself. The husband calls for something to eat, is told there is nothing, and insists on looking for himself, which of course leads to the discovery of the "jo" in the pantry. The poor piper, being put to it, declares himself a magician, and, on being requested to exert his skill, conjures a well-covered table, at which the husband sits; and a further evidence of the magician's art produces the Procurator himself, who is compelled to give up *Frau Robin's* letter. Hereupon a burst of martial fury takes place, but everything is put right by the maid-servant, who takes all blame on herself; and the piece ends happily by both husband and wife mutually confessing their error. The operetta is rife with pretty piquant numbers, the best of which is a quintet, "*Ich rieche Trüffeln*"—*anglice* and *slangice*, "I smell a rat;" for the idiom means the same—between the *Herr*, his *Frau*, *Caroline*, the *Piper* and the *Procurator*. All this and much more has been enthusiastically received at Ems, where Offenbach is revered and Offenbach's newest operetta welcomed.

Ems has been lucky in the production of two successes lately: primarily Offenbach's opera, and more recently the piece of L. Deffès, "*Box of Wonders*." The piece is *buffa*, full of impossible adventures, very amusing, and provoking laughter from beginning to end; and the music is said to be lively and original. The principals are MM. Désiré, Guyot, and Pelva, and Mlle. Taffanel. But the Ems theatrical season closes almost immediately, and "*Lischen und Fritschen*" will close it. The "*Lotus Flower*," is an opera by Jules Barbier and Prosper Pascal. Pascal has sustained in this last work the reputation made in his "*Cadoret des Amours*," and the couplets are replete with some pleasing and original harmonies.

Cologne—most odorous of towns that ever gave name to a sweet perfume—is at present *ausser sich*; for the Three Kings are there holding high *stie*. In the Catholic calendar there is a day dedicated to the Three Kings, which is kept holiday even in the Protestant states of Germany, wherever Protestants and Catholics are pretty equal among the population. In

Protestant Prussia the Three Kings (*i. e.*, the Wise Men of the East, who followed the star to Bethlehem) are celebrated in Cologne, to which uninviting town come crowds of pilgrims—from Belgium mostly—to worship at the shrine where the skulls of the Magi are kept. It may be remembered *en passant* that the three crania of Cologne are not the only headpieces possessed by those Wise Men of the East; for Milan possesses three larger ones—possibly taken when the owners had grown. The Colonese skulls are those of children, and one of them is jet black, which is accounted for by the fact that one of the Magi was a Moor. The upper classes of Catholics are annoyed at the bishop's organisation of the pilgrimage, and all is not unanimity on the Rhine.

Frankfort is hot and poky during the summer—from the Taunus-Bahn to the Judengasse. One gets tired of the Zeil, and tired of playing dominoes in the Café Milani and drinking Punschessenz, and coming across the statue of Gutenberg at every turn. Then Frankfort has a primitive habit of going to bed about nine o'clock, and if one has been to the theatre, one emerges after it is all over on a city of the dead apparently, with not a soul in the streets but the night-watchers, whom Sir William Don's favourite amusement was to carry into his apartments on the first floor and drop through the window into the street. These idiotic old men are the only guardians of the city; and not a place is open but the Café Milani again, with more dominoes and more Punschessenz—the last a composition of lemon juice and moist sugar, which, with the addition of luke-warm water, constitutes a cup which neither cheers nor inebriates. In short, Frankfort is regarded as a national mistake at this time of year, and such people as can get out of it, do so, even though they only get as far as Homburg, where there is at least gaming, not to speak of musical dissipation. And Frankfort is left to the Jews and the bourgeoisie of the Zeil and the English tourists bent upon seeing everything, and imbued with some hazy idea that Frankfort is the capital of Germany—a notion that is strenuously opposed by every German living. Meanwhile the town goes to Homburg, the Italian company from Cologne goes to Homburg, and there they have opera representations—to wit "*Trovatore*," "*Lucia*," and "*Il Barbiere*;" and it is here that La Vitali has obtained an immense success. [People who came and heard her would not believe that a mere child could be so clever—for Vitali is about twenty years, which is not old in Germany, though Gretchen was only fifteen when she walked home from church; and Werner's Charlotte was—I cannot precisely say how old, but admittedly a bread-and-butter miss. In the "*Miserere*" she sang the Largo in a way that people said reminded them of Grief—especially reminded those people who had not heard Grief in the "*Miserere*." In fact Vitali and Leblache have been reaping a harvest of bouquets and praise. A few days before Vitali arrived, Carlotta Patti had appeared on the same stage. On Vitali's arrival, a fierce faction arose between the students on the merits of the two artists—some espousing Carlotta's side, some deciding for Vitali. Argument among German students usually leads to one result—an idiotic duel, where the aim of each combatant is to slice off a nose or cut a diagonal furrow through his adversary's face; after which honour is satisfied. So a Patti-Vitali duel actually came off, and half-a-dozen long-haired idiots dressed in theatrical smoking-caps and brodered jackets, went out *auf den Wald*, and slashed at each other with the heavy-handed *Schläger*, until one was sliced down the face; though whether Carlotta or her rival triumphed, appears uncertain.

There is little doing in Berlin. Gunz is at the Victoria Theatre, where he sings in the "*White Lady*" the part *George Brown*, and achieves glory. The rôle is by no means an easy one, especially to singers who have no formed falsetto, and are necessitated to sing the whole part with chest notes; for such the rôle of *George Brown* is as difficult as the most heroic tenor's part. But to a singer whose exquisitely modulated voice embraces all the registers, it is entirely different, and Gunz is one of these; with him the most delicate effects of light and shade, the clearest falsetto, the most artistic harmony and equality are mere matters of every-day routine. It is the ordinary work of life to him, and Gunz is ever greater than his work.

A catastrophe has happened to the Meyerbeer festival in Vienna, just as the committee for carrying it out had completed the arrangements. Herr Schmid, who was to have sung *Mercutio*, has fallen ill with inflammation of the throat, so that he cannot leave Switzerland be-

fore at least the 15th. The "*Huguenots*" has therefore been given up, and another opera of Meyerbeer's decided on. Here however is the difficulty. None of the artists or committee-members engaged can agree what the substitute shall be, and the Meyerbeer festival promises to go the bad way of English tercentenaries.

Every musical circle in Madrid knows the distinguished amateur named Rosario Zapater, and her magnificent soprano voice, and knows too that she ranks among artists of the best established reputation. But it is not only in Madrid that Rosario has taken up a position, for a few years ago during a stay with her family in Paris she came across a Rossini who immediately became *enthousiasmé* with some artist—now Sherrington, now Wieck. The maestro was enraptured with the fair Spaniard, and added something to the cavatinas from the "*Barber*" and "*Semiramide*," and dedicated the ornamentation to the senora Zapater. But the senora, "artist of heart and of faith," as the *Libertad* assures us, "does not confine herself to the cultivation of song; for long she has familiarised herself with the language of Dante, of Petrarch, of Ariosto, of Tasso: shortly expressed, she knows Italian, and the *Libertad* prefers a Victor-Hugovian mode of saying so. Further, she has produced some small volumes of Italian poetry, the titles of which the *Libertad* is not permitted to divulge, but in which the genius exhibited is worthy to follow the footsteps of Felice Romani and Camparano. In fact her talent attracted the attention of Meyerbeer, who offered to write a *morceau* for her album, on condition that she wrote the verse; to which she agreed, and "*Il primo amore*" was the result, on which the *Libertad* felicitates itself and Spain immensely. It was one of the last compositions of Meyerbeer.

In Paris the project of the new Concert Society has taken form of reality. Its name is "Société du Grand Concert;" member-founders—J. David, D. Magnus, L. Deutz, Ch. de Lorbae. The Society of the Grand Concert intends affording the public the opportunity of hearing (under the exceptional conditions of first-rate execution at a very low price)—1st. The *chefs d'œuvre* of the old composers. 2nd. The works of the modern ones. 3rd. The most celebrated soloists of the day, singers as well as instrumentalists. The society intends to establish periodical hearings and competitions, and to offer prizes to young composers. M. J. David is to be the professional Director of the Society, but it is expressly affirmed that the grand concerts will be essentially international and universal, and the programs will be composed of imported works of all nations, of all periods, and all styles.

Rossini lives very quietly at his villa in Passy, and still composes for the piano, having every day a young pianist at his disposition, to play his works over. All the foreigners who visit Paris procure in one way or another an introduction for the great man, and go to see *la bête noire*, as Rossini himself is used to say. Every *portière* having a daughter at the Conservatoire, goes to Rossini to ask for advice. He is ever kind, and cheerful, and has a peculiar way of sending everybody away satisfied and happy. He is very simple for he is truly great—which, however, does not prevent him being all things to all men.

His approaching "*hommage*" has caused a multitude of anecdotal paragraphs about him to crop up on all sides, and art-talk is all Rossinian. I was present last Sunday morning at an improvised *matinée musicale* at his villa in Passy. Fri. Wieck, the well known pianist, tutor of the celebrated Clara Schumann, had been introduced to Rossini through Signor Marchesi; for Rossini, being very fond of pianoforte players, has asked that gentleman to introduce all the foreign pianists passing through Paris who are known to him. On the Sunday alluded to, Fri. Wieck played several pieces both ancient and modern to the satisfaction of the great composer; who presented her with his photograph, with an inscription "A sa Collègue Mlle. Wieck, souvenir de G. Rossini." On the same occasion I heard a splendid soprano singer, Fri. Egging, prima donna at the Theatre Royal, Brunswick, who has come to Paris to finish under the celebrated Mlle. Marchesi, Rossini's great *protégée*. The young and handsome songstress first warbled some really difficult variations by the German composer Herr Proch, of Vienna, accompanied on the piano by her master. Rossini was so enchanted, that he sat at the piano, and himself accompanied his immortal romance from "*Tell*—" "*Sombres Forêts*." It was a real treat. How serious and inspired the great man looks when playing his own music! Rossini told me he heard Mlle. Lemmens-Sherrington the day before, and he

expressed the highest admiration of her beautiful execution. She sang an aria of Händel, one piece from the "Soirées Musicales" of Rossini, and the "Variations de Rode."

The national fête, the "St. Napoléon" came off with the greatest *déclat*; for many years there has not been seen in Paris so great a crowd of foreigners of all nations as assembled on Monday last. It was quite an invasion, in which the English had the chief part. Everywhere you met with characteristic English faces, and as far as could be judged everybody seemed delighted. You may fancy how the theatres and places of public amusement were crowded, everywhere full houses. The open air concerts were the chief attraction, and as is every year the case, the Emperor had ordered spectacle gratis at all the theatres. The opera gave "Guglielmo Tell;" the Français, "Esther;" the Gymnase, "Don Quichotte;" the Vaudeville, "Le Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre;" the Variétés, "La Liberté des Théâtres;" the Palais Royal, "Les diables roses;" the Porte St. Martin, "La tour de Nesle," and so on; in short, the doors of all theatres were opened gratuitously to the Parisians. In the chief theatre a cantata was performed, composed for the occasion. All the representations took place during the day-time, and beginning at one o'clock. I happened to pass the Grand Opera at eight o'clock in the morning, and was rather surprised to see several thousand persons of both sexes anxiously waiting for admission into the building, and this spectacle repeated itself everywhere. You are undoubtedly aware that the Parisians are passionately fond of theatrical performances, and do not object to *faire la queue* during five or six hours, especially when there is admission gratis.

THE WOFUL TOURNEY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Seven gallant knights rode out one day,
And shields and spears did ring,
To honour with the tilting play
The daughter of the King.

And when they came to tower and wall
A bell toll'd on the air:
They saw while striding up the hall
Seven tapers burning there.

They saw, too, lying deathly pale,
Fair Adelaide at rest,
And at her head the King made wall
With sorrow in his breast.

Then spake the haughty Dagenworth,
I rue the riding here,
—That I in vain my horse should girth,
And carry shield and spear.

The young Sir Adelbert he said
Such plaints are base, I trow,
The daughter of the King, though dead,
Is worthy thrust and blow.

Sir Walter spoke—a cunning knight—
Let's homeward, so to horse!
There's little glory in the fight
When tilting for a corpse.

Quoth Adelbert, though she be dead,
None of such queenly mould
Are living,—see yon roses red,
Yon ring of yellow gold.

Rode out upon the sand straightway
These knights, the stalwart seven,
And battled in the tilting-play
Till six to death were given.

The seventh man was the youngest knight,
The victor over all,
Down from his horse he did alight,
And pale strode up the hall.

He took the wreath of roses red,
He took the golden ring,
And low beside the well-loved dead
He fell, a lifeless thing.

The bells toll'd at the King's command,
He dreamt in robes of gloom,
The six brave knights, borne from the sand,
Were laid within the tomb.

Sir Adelbert, the victor brave,
His Adelaide did gain,
With his dead bride he shares the grave,
—One stone above the twin!

C.

HAND AND GLOVE.

A CITY NOVELET.

BY L. H. F. DU TERREAUX.

CHAPTER I.

MR. THROGMORTON.

MR. THROGMORTON sat in his office in Finch-lane, City, on one of the days when men wore swallow-tail coats with brass buttons, and George III. sat on the throne of his ancestors. Something of the Divine Right, which kept George III. in that honourable position, permeated society and the nation at large, to the consolidation of whatever was, and to the satisfactory demonstration that it was right; and now, filtering through the grades of king, nobility, church, commons, law, commerce, seemed to attach itself to Mr. Throgmorton in Finch-lane, City, and to settle in a halo of respectability round his head.

For Mr. Throgmorton was eminently respectable, and imparted a flavour of his own respectability to the commercial calling of Insurance. A man well to-do, as was meet in a respectable age, he had gone on growing in respectability and the grace of this world, from the day when he was to be remembered as a proper-minded baby, up to his present steady age of eight-and-fifty. He had, during a considerate youth, which had never been tinged with the follies or vices of ordinary and fallacious youth, marked out for himself a line of respectability from which he permitted himself no demarcation. Not when he allowed himself gently, and with due regard to propriety, to fall in love. Not when, with a strict sense of what was right and proper, he wooed and won. Not when under Providence he was blessed with a son and later with a daughter, baby-bourgeois that promised to expand into respectability of the fullest blown. His business prospered of course; with such a man it could not be otherwise. There was a good deal of Mr. Throgmorton's character, too, in his calling, which thrived with the happy dispensation of events, and suffered only with mishap. There was a gentle pensiveness about Mr. Throgmorton when he was called on to pay a policy of insurance, which bespoke—not his personal sense of loss, but his sympathy with the destructive cause of his disbursement. "Not for me or this poor twenty thousand I look grave," his white hair and shiny forehead seemed to say, "but for the good ship lost, and the necessary inconvenience it entails on a portion of the community."

Mr. Throgmorton looked graver than usual on the particular morning alluded to, as he sat in his private office. Apparently some inconvenience had been entailed on a portion of the community personally interested to Mr. Throgmorton, sitting with his books spread open before him. In his hand he had been holding an oblong slip of paper, part printed, part written; and this he laid down, as a clerk knocked at the door of his private office, and, receiving permission to enter, entered.

"I crave pardon, sir, but Mr. Standard would like to see you," said the clerk.

"Thank you, Mr. Waddyhouse; have the kindness to show in Mr. Standard."

It was a principle carried out under the rule of Mr. Throgmorton, that extreme politeness should be observed between principal and subordinate. Occasionally the system was a substitute for an inconvenient rise in salaries.

The civil clerk accordingly retired, and requested Mr. Standard to take the trouble of walking in. Taking this trouble, a short, erect and elderly gentleman was ushered in to Mr. Throgmorton.

"Morning, Throgmorton," said the gentleman cheerily.

"Standard Brothers, old friend, how do you do?" returned Mr. Throgmorton rising and shaking hands.

The old gentlemen apostrophised as Standard Brothers sat down on a near chair. Standard Brothers, here significant of a pleasant-looking short old man, scrupulously clean as to linen and firm and lusty as to person, was generally significant of a shipping firm of long standing, the eldest brother of which was dead, and the younger the remaining representative of the house. The firm was so old and so well esteemed, and its head so careful of its good name and proud of its position, that Standard Brothers was commonly applied among his friends to the old gentleman, from his own favourite habit of quoting its name as an authority.

"Thank you, thank you, Throgmorton, as usual. And what is doing, eh? Busy, eh?"

"Not to you, my friend. No, Standard Brothers,

not to you. But I have an unpleasant business on hand, a duty to go through, and a task. There are duties and tasks allotted to all of us, and mostly of an unpleasant nature," said Mr. Throgmorton, looking around him with an air of respectable resignation; "else why are we here?"

It did not suggest the weight of a very hard or very unpleasant duty, their being there, otherwise than the task of making a lot of money in a comfortably carpeted room.

"But I do not shrink from my responsibility," continued Mr. Throgmorton, "and do not ask any other to bear it. I trust I know my responsibilities and can discharge them." So saying Mr. Throgmorton touched the knob of a portable bell, which gave a sudden and startling ring, as though it had not a moment to spare, and brought the civil clerk into the sanctum.

"Mr. Waddyhouse, be good enough to request Mr. Goodge to step this way."

A sullen-looking man of about five and twenty with a pale face made his appearance, and stood fumbling with his hand upon the handle of the door.

"Close the door, Goodge, and step up to me," said Mr. Throgmorton.

The clerk did as he was bid, and stood at his employer's low desk with his hands behind him and his eye on a square of the carpet.

"I have sent for you," said Mr. Throgmorton, wheeling round upon him, "to talk to you on a subject which for your own sake I could wish were not known to me, inconvenient as my further ignorance might be. Be careful to give me your best attention, and answer truthfully."

The man turned a shade paler, but did not reply or remove his eyes from the carpet.

"How long have you been going on in your present path?" asked Mr. Throgmorton.

Standard Brothers, who had been sitting quietly through all this, here rose, saying, "You are busy, Throgmorton; I will look in again." But Mr. Throgmorton waved him back to his chair.

"By no means. I wish you to remain. There can be no better occasion than this to bring home to this unhappy young man the crime he has committed; and I could desire no better witness than yourself." He reached out his hand, as he spoke, towards the oblong piece of paper, which he had laid aside on the entrance of Standard Brothers; and then addressed himself further to Goodge.

"When did you commit this forgery of the signature of Ledbitter and Throgmorton?"

A slight start, and a leaden expression in the man's sullen face; but he did not reply.

"Why did you do it?"

Still he did not reply.

"I no longer ask you," continued Mr. Throgmorton, "when you committed the forgery, or the reason of your doing it; it is sufficient to know your wickedness, and to have your own tacit confession. I did not look for this from you, Goodge. When I took you, recommended by your poor mother, into my office at the age of fourteen, I thought I was placing at my desk an immortal soul, and not a forger. At that time I looked for your awakening sense of the responsibilities of life, not for your spurious signature on an accepted bill. Have you been with me from that age—have you taken my money, the reward of honesty, not of theft—for this? Was it for this you have annually drawn the guerdon of probity from a fellow creature, in various amounts—up to your present salary of Eighty Pounds?"

By an increase of holy indignation and a rounding off of the named sum, Mr. Throgmorton contrived to impart to it an air of being about eighteen hundred.

"I do not know," said Mr. Throgmorton, turning to Standard Brothers, "in what portion of my duty I have failed, that this visitation should fall upon me. Have I come short in any way in my care of fellow-men committed to my charge, that this man alone should turn and sin against me?"

Mr. Throgmorton was of the school which regards an evil, otherwise and mostly called a Dispensation, as a kind of set-off by which old offences are paid for, and which should be entered on the credit side of the ledger of humanity. When a payment of this kind came in, Mr. Throgmorton's chief care was to find out the particular sinful article paid for, so that receipt might be acknowledged and the books balanced.

"This wretched man," he continued to Standard Brothers, "fell into the sin five years ago; for the name forged is Ledbitter and Throgmorton, and Mr.

Ledbitter, my former partner, has been at least five years in retirement. How far he has wronged me since, during all those five years, I cannot discover. His books on the surface are correct. But I may have been deeply wronged."

The man, with his knuckles to his eyes, muttered something to the effect that he had never done it before or since, and called Heaven to witness.

"Stay, sir, and do not add profanity to theft," interrupted Mr. Throgmorton, virtuously. "I do not intend, whatever your offence, to visit the present one severely. Sufficient that I must guard against its repetition. Go; you are discharged."

The man Goodge looked up, at first with an air of relief, and then with a darkling look of discontent.

"You are discharged from my employ," repeated Mr. Throgmorton. "Go."

The man lingered. "You are not going to turn me out of your office, sir?" he muttered.

"Not turn you out of my office, sir! I might turn you into prison, sir, and out of that your discharge would be by the gallows; I would have you reflect on that."

"You are a hard master, Mr. Throgmorton."

"I am an inflexible one, in matters of right and wrong. I cannot keep in my employ a man who has committed a trespass—I will not say against me, for personally I am but an instrument and of no account, but against the very bulwarks of society, which are of more account; against commercial trust, which is of most account. What is it, think you, that has raised me, John Throgmorton, a responsible instrument, to my present position, as your employer? Probity. What is it that has raised that gentleman, of the firm of Standard Brothers, to his honourable position? Probity. What is it that makes this city rich and prosperous, and this land, under Providence, the most favoured and the most responsible of all lands? Strict commercial probity. This you have infringed, and you are no longer of me or mine. Go!"

The essence of respectable fervour seemed to well from his shiny head and ooze from his outstretched hand, as he pointed towards the door. The sullen clerk moved away in the indicated direction, and pruned with the handle in his hand.

"I never got anything in this office but oily words in exchange for hard work." He clenched his hands nervously, thus speaking. "I never did but that one wrong, and should not have done it but for being badly paid, and for debts. I don't care whether you convict me or not. Your commercial probity is easy to carry out with a clean shirt front and full pockets; but wait till the time comes when you're placed otherwise. I ever that time *should* come—if you should get so low that your commercial probity won't comfort you, I pray I may be at your side to treat you to some of your own consolation!"

He shut the door and was gone, before answer could be given, leaving the merchants alone. Mr. Throgmorton turned round with a gentle sigh, as of well-to-do martyrdom.

"I have not deserved this, and it pains me, Standard—it pains me."

"Hum," said Standard Brothers. "What may the amount have been of his defalcation?"

"Seven pounds ten," replied Mr. Throgmorton sadly. "That a man should peril his soul for seven pounds ten!"

"Ay, or for seven thousand times seven pounds ten," said Standard Brothers. "But men do every day. After all it might have been worse, and the fellow seemed sorry. But to drop that, I want to talk to you about that boy and the girl. Are you of the same mind as before, Throgmorton? Do you wish the engagement to proceed?"

Mr. Throgmorton composed himself into an attitude of bland attention, and toyed with his heavy bunch of seals.

"Why," he replied softly, "Alfred seems very fond of her, and she of Alfred. Your Emily is young yet, and can afford to wait until Alfred returns home."

"Oh, the girl would wait until—the War was finished, for that matter," returned Mr. Standard, at a loss for a simile expressive of the furthest contingency.

"Exactly. So, Standard Brothers being agreeable, I am perfectly agreed that the engagement between them should continue."

"Standard Brothers agree to it, of course," the old gentleman replied, "Standard Brothers having once passed their word stick to it. When does that boy go?"

"Alfred sets out for Southampton to-morrow; the ship sails on Wednesday."

"Then he will be calling to wish the girl good-bye to-night. Good; after tea I shall expect him."

It was a semblance of roughness which Mr. Standard always kept up, that he never condescended on the name of his daughter Emily, to whom young Alfred Throgmorton had been long engaged, but always called her "the girl," in contradistinction to all other girls. Her betrothed, who had been articled to her according to agreement of the fathers years before, he remotely designated "that boy."

"I shall expect that boy after tea," said Standard Brothers, hat on head. "God bless you."

The bright hot sun of the July afternoon, shining alike on acres of mellowing corn far away, and nearer on Mr. Waddyhouse, upon a hard hot stool calculating probabilities, seemed toned down and chastened as it entered the private office, and glimmered about the brass railing of Mr. Throgmorton's desk, as though abashed by the rival orb of his shining head and the fuller effulgence of his respectability.

CHAPTER II.

LEAVING HOME.

"My dear Emily," cried Mrs. Throgmorton about six o'clock on the hot July afternoon, "it is your papa. Tom, my dear, open the door for Guarly. Though whatever can bring him home so early, unless it is, as it may be, poor Alfred's going away by sea and so dangerous what with storms and the French navy, I can't think; but open the door, Tom, and tell her, Emily, to bring up tea immediately," said the good lady, bustling about her parlour in Great Russell-street.

To the parlour in Great Russell-street, otherwise his earthly habitation, Mr. Throgmorton had driven at the close of business, and was now welcomed, in anxiously expressed manner, by the partner of his toils.

Mr. John Throgmorton, on starting for himself in life, had received an impetus from the parental Throgmorton amounting to the motive force of ten thousand pounds. The impetus had impelled him along the smooth road of prosperous commerce, in which (on the principle that commercial bodies once in motion have a tendency to continue in it) he had rolled along for some eight and thirty years, gathering meanwhile that profitable moss which does accrue to your rolling stone in trade, despite the proverb. While yet on the move, Mr. Throgmorton had come into conjunction with another gentler body, which was generally known by the name of Letitia Ballingthorpe, and which in Mr. Throgmorton's eyes represented another ten thousand, funded. The law of attraction united these bodies, and the law of cohesion fused Ballingthorpe into Throgmorton. A pair of emanations after a few years took the names respectively of Alfred and Lucy—bodies continuing in the same orbit, and recognised in the world as Mr. Alfred Throgmorton and Miss Throgmorton, son and daughter of well-to-do Mr. Throgmorton of Finch-lane, City.

The Ten Thousand Funded, *née* Ballingthorpe, was one of those amiable elderly ladies in whose production the world is prodigal, who have no characteristics to speak of, beyond good-nature, stoutness, and the usual property of a Latin sentence—namely a tendency to hide the predicate in an obscure corner. In artistic concealment of the verb or keyword of her phrases, Mrs. Throgmorton had few rivals among the old ladies of Great Russell-street. She would stow it so carefully away, covering its resting-place so judiciously with the debris of secondary sentences, adverbial, participial and anonymous, as to defy detection from any explorer but one versed in classical fishery. In short Mrs. Throgmorton was a humanised embodiment of the Delectus.

Respectability in the parent stock of Throgmorton had cropped up as pride in the junior branches. Alfred Throgmorton was proud. He was proud of the Throgmortons, proud of their position, proud of his sister, proud of having reached the mature age of three-and-twenty, and of possessing the vast knowledge which that age confers. He was proud of having received a good education at Harrow, of being an Englishman, of being a gentleman, of being engaged to a loveable Englishwoman and gentlewoman, who had not been brought up at Harrow, and had not received so good an education as to masculate her intellect, but who was content to remain a pretty, loving, gentle, and slightly stupid girl: a combination of qualities which rendered her all the dearer in Alfred's eyes—and in the author's. Lucy Throgmorton was also proud; proud of everything of which her brother was proud; proud too

of him and her father. To this pride—never guilty of contamination with vanity, never prone to lower, but rather to exalt and refine the possessor—add a delicate feminine character, native humour, personal beauty of a dark and southern richness, a tall, slim, shapely form, and twenty-one years of innocent goodness. Hers was the feminine character whose weapons are admiration and awe. Women like her assault the citadel, and carry it by the energy of that first assault, or do not carry it at all. There is another beauty of mind and person—a beauty that comes on the unconscious foe warily and stealthily; by silent marches in the dead night of disregard. One by one its entrenchments are advanced; one by one the phalanges of graces steal to the sleeping citadel; and at last, almost unaccountably, the banner of Love floats on a conquered heart.

Mr. Throgmorton alighted at his dwelling, and gave a prosperous knock at the door and an opulent pull at the bell; which evidences of the arrival of commercial respectability from the City were promptly answered by the youth addressed as Tom, who may be introduced curtly as Tom Tossland, ward of Throgmorton, seventeen years, and five feet eleven and a half, outgrowing both sense and beauty. A competitive eagerness to grow characterised all Tom Tossland's limbs: his arms were long, his legs were long, so were his feet and his face; and the only attribute about him which was not long, was the time he had taken to reach his present dimensions. His mental was not equivalent to his physical development, and, in fact, Tom suffered the fate of easy-going giants, and was frequently crushed.

"Less violence, Tom, my dear fellow, less violence," said Mr. Throgmorton, as Tom, helping his guardian off with his walking coat, made sundry overtures of pulling him down the kitchen stairs. Tom smiled in a penitent but otherwise ghastly manner, and ushered Mr. Throgmorton into the parlour, where sat Mrs. Throgmorton and Lucy.

"My dears," said Mr. Throgmorton, "my wife and my daughter, I wish you a Good evening."

It was not much to say, but the blessing of the blind patriarch could not have sounded more venerable.

"Where," asked Mr. Throgmorton, "is my son—my eldest boy?"

"My dear, you have, I will not say anticipated, but it is a remark I knew all along, and indeed ventured to observe to Lucy, when she was looking up his under-waistcoats and the small Bible with the bookmark he is to take with him, you would make; for I said, 'Lucy, if he is not in by the time your papa comes home,' which is before your time, you know, my dear, and not calculated on by Alfred, 'the first thing your papa will naturally and as a thing a parent would wish India before his son, say is, Where is Alfred?'"

This from Mrs. Throgmorton, with a prevalent impression of the Delectus conveyed in her construction.

"The fact is, papa," said Lucy, quietly arranging the tea-table, "Alfred is gone over to see Emily Standard. He has been with her all the afternoon, and we expect him home every minute."

"Oh," returned Mr. Throgmorton benignly, "you expect him home, do you?"

Lucy said they did.

"It is a cheering word, Home," observed Mr. Throgmorton, "a soothing word. The poet speaks of it as Sweet. Sweet home, I believe he calls it. There is a great deal of force in the poet's observation, for home should be sweet to all of us—sweet to you, Tom, young as you are, as to me now grey. I trust you have found it so, young Tom?"

Young Tom, apostrophised, looked uncomfortable, and murmured something to the effect that it was very jolly—when a fellow was at school.

"Ha," pursued Mr. Throgmorton, "and in other relations too of probationary life. How many poor creatures in the world have no home, Tom!"

Tom, regarding it in the light of a question intended to test his statistical knowledge, fidgetted, and replied unwillingly that he didn't know.

"You must have experienced, Tom, in your walks abroad, how many poor you see."

Tom admitted he had.

"And what strikes you, Tom, when you remark the destitution of these poor homeless ones?"

"Organs sometimes," Tom reluctantly replied, "and sometimes Punches and turnovers."

Mr. Throgmorton shook his head gravely, and said he feared Tom had an irreverent spirit. Lucy only laughed and called him a great goose, at which Tom felt injured,

and smiled in inexpressive torture. But the arrival of Alfred put an end to poor Tom's examination, and cut short a reprehensible harangue from the Delectus.

When Throgmorton, junior, had received the parental salutation conveyed in the form of a blessing, they sat down to tea; and over the meal discussed the young man's journey to India, undertaken at the wish of paternal insurance to inspect the books of some refractory branches in Calcutta and Bombay, and bring erring correspondents to a sense of their duty. Alfred's absence might last a couple of years, for this was before steam had abridged time; and such premature attempts as had been made by unconstitutional inventors in the direction of improved transit by sea or land had been dutifully snubbed by Divine Right on the throne and by the high court of Parliament under our most religious and gracious King at that time assembled. Radicalism in politics had gone far enough; for had not the American colonies rebelled? They were not going to tolerate radicalism in invention at all events.

"And I do sincerely hope and trust, Alfred," quoth the Delectus, after all Alfred's plans have been discussed, "that you will take care not to get made a prisoner of by the French, as what ships they have, if one can trust the newspapers, and they are full of nothing but that now, and as for the hangings for forgeries and stealing milk-cans from the areas little or nothing is said owing to the war, though hanging there must be, because thieves there are still, of course. But as I said before, what ships they have left and not destroyed by Lord Nelson, poor man, are quite sufficient I say for one Indianman, and might capture you, but do take care for my sake."

Alfred promises he will, for his own sake as well.

"Remember, too, my son," says Mr. Throgmorton, "that in all your dealings with your fellow-men, the guiding principle of an honest man's life is rectitude. Observe in all your transactions the strictest rectitude—compatible, of course, with the interests of the office. The task may be difficult, but you will seek strength to carry it out, and you will always endeavour to pursue the paths of uprightness, for virtue alone it is which will sweeten the labour of earning your daily bread. I believe," adds Mr. Throgmorton, "that the Indian equivalent is Yams. The labour, then, of earning your daily Yams."

Lucy draws near to Alfred, and places a round white arm over his neck.

"It does not need our telling him, papa," she says, gently, "to make Alfred do what he should." And bends a fragrant head over him sitting, and imprints a kiss upon his forehead.

So the evening wanes, but Alfred is fidgety, and ends by asking permission to run out for half-an-hour, for something he has forgotten. Permission being granted, and a promise given in exchange that he will not be long, he pops on his hat, and throws a cloak round his shoulders, and is scampering along the street and round several corners, before the Delectus has constructed a classical enquiry as to what it is he has forgotten.

He stops before a house, and gives a rapid knock. Apparently a known one, for the door opens swiftly, and there is the rustle of a dress and a smothered sound of "Darling," and a white, white neck glimmers in the light of the swinging lamps.

He is in the room of Standard Brothers, with Standard Brothers sitting in an arm chair, cheerily laughing at the young man's sudden irruption. "Why mercy on me, is Bonaparte in the river, or has my old friend Throgmorton gone into the bankruptcy court, that you rush into a peaceful house like this?" says the old man.

"I could not go without coming to say good bye to you, sir, and Emily," answers Alfred, and turns to her standing at his side, her pretty eyes red and sorrowful.

"Why, you have said good bye about nine times already," quoth Standard Brothers. "But there—good bye, my lad, God bless you, and send you safe back. And now say what you have to say to each other; I won't interrupt you—I am off to bed," says the old gentleman, stumping out of the room.

And Alfred wishes her farewell. In words perhaps similar and in manner akin to the million farewells that have been breathed by loving hearts, since the first tear watered the Garden of Eden, at the Eternal's doom that men must part. Composed of many sighs, of many wistful looks, of sweet vows evoked and given, of the great choking bitterness that happiest lovers know. Perhaps it is well that love should feel this bitterness. Perhaps it is needful we should be prepared, by this foretaste of severance from dearest earthly ties, for

the time when human love shall be rent away in the last great sorrow; which, like the shortest parting, is only for a season.

CHAPTER III.

THE COMPACT.

To the philosopher of cities a large fund of instruction may be derived from a walk about the neighbourhood of Tooley-street in the Borough. The densely populated locality in that part of transpontine London is fecund of information to him who walks and reads. There exists some prejudice in the minds of great writers—poets or prosers as the case may be—in favour of country walks. Cowper and Wordsworth have established a certain precedent in these cases, which it is always safe to follow; and the daisies pied and violets blue hold an honourable place in literature. It is right they should, and right that the handiwork of Him that made the country should be celebrated in deepest thought and loftiest verse. Yet some thought is due to the crowded town and all its sins and sorrows. Not only for the sake of its mute inglorious Miltons who live and die as disregarded in the swarms of men as often as they live and die under the shadiest village spire; but for the sake of the great herd, who are neither village Hampdens nor urban Cromwells, who will never rise from the leaven, until the Day that shall give to every mortal a dread individuality. Ah me! the stones are hard, trodden by the thousand feet; the walls are cold and cumbrous, that hold the thousand beating hearts; there are neither daisies nor slopes of pasture-land to break into song. Yet over the hard stones go unrecorded lives; and the heavy walls hold treasures of higher value than acres of the golden corn—higher, inasmuch as the Mourner who loved the doomed city declared a man to be priceless better than a sheep.

There are pleasant thoughtful walks about the Borough, then; though even to those experienced in Borough life the advantages be not apparent. Sooth to say they are not, when one finds oneself there in an unreflective mood. There is not much æsthetic enjoyment desirable at first sight or first sniff, upon crossing London Bridge: it is probably the last route a man would select for his wedding tour. There is dust enough to have supplied the cohorts of an old Roman colony, and the dust seems to respect the constitutional regulation of moving on, for it is always migratory. The river is usually odorous, and down in Tooley-street you have the advantage of the felt presence of the river on one side, and sensible whiffs from the atmosphere of Bermondsey on the other side—an atmosphere, by the way, reputed to be healthy, perhaps, on medicinal grounds, and because it is very nasty. The additional flavour of old sacking rises in remittent gusts and mingles with the lees of wine and a prevalent indication of abiding gutters. Tooley-street is in a hollow, and apparently drains the neighbourhood of children, who, like the cocks and hens of large cities, find a civic enjoyment in the dreariest localities. The animal world too of Tooley-street and its offshoots suffers from the conviction that life is a bad look-out; the horses are plebeians, and regard things from a plebeianly bitter light. You seldom see a Tooley-street horse relapse into that confidence with his fellow-beast, which is so pleasant to remark in horses of a higher order. Like their masters, they evidently consider a rough and brutal demeanour the correct manner, as belonging to one above the conventionalities. Even the public houses are not cheerful, but enter a kind of protest against the neighbourhood. Rags and bones, being indigenous to the locality, as representing the inhabitants and their attire, are the staple article of commerce; and the presence here and there of a grove of damp underclothing hung out to dry serves the end of satirising the luxury of washing in such an unwashed region.

In one of those off-streets which are now spanned by the railway, whose arches are turned to profitable account as cellars for the wine and oil trade, there stood a building similar to many of the buildings on either side, as being part warehouse and part dwelling-house. Originally it would seem to have been erected with the latter object; but the increase of trade and the demand for greater accommodation on a limited area had induced the owner to knock several of the rooms into one, and widen the front opening, and add some five or six stories, and build a pigeon-roof above, containing the usual warehouse-essentials of a "jigger," or windlass, and a rope. It was now a very fair warehouse, indicating only its former use in the older and

smokier hue of the bricks constituting its lower storeys; but a certain habitable nature clung to it, for the lower rooms were still used by abiding occupants. In the upper floors lay stores of grain—mostly wheat, very mouldy and full of insects, or maize of the smallest and most unsatisfactory description. In one room, just under the jigger, a quantity of hard acorn-like nuts, which were by no means intended for eating, might have puzzled anyone acquainted with their generic name of valonia, or their use in dyeing, to explain what earthly object brought such an unpromising substance there. The basement story was filled with barrels of oil and rats, which, however, did not serve to provide a half-starved cat with lasting nourishment, as her obtrusive ribs and unnatural tameness and piteousness testified.

But the ground-floors of the building were occupied in an undomestic fashion, and were part office and part habited house. The common flight of three-cornered stairs opened upon the office portion, if the term office could be applied to what looked a compromise between a marine store establishment and a warehouse for sacking and cordage. Off this store or office or shop, the natural storey of the warehouse, extending back to the brick walls of the building, was partitioned off into a sitting-room and a bedroom. The original fireplace in the former had been removed when the house had been built out into a warehouse, and was now supplied with a stove, the funnel of which occasionally consented to conduct the smoke out of doors, but more frequently declined. The next floor above belonged to the establishment, and consisted of two bedrooms, but as the front of the warehouse was destitute of windows, the light of heaven was admitted to the one bedroom by means of the heavy folding-doors which extended along the side of the storey, and were primarily intended to let in and out huge bales of cotton, or sacks of wheat, or barrels of oil. An immense padlock and staple fastened them, and afforded a little matutinal recreation to the early riser, who had to go through the process of getting up and undoing the padlock, before he could obtain the light and air of morning.

On a certain afternoon when Tooley-street and its suburbs were enveloped in a haze composed of river fog and the oily exhalations indigenous to Tooley proper, the dwelling-room of the described store was tenanted by two persons, male and female. The gentleman reclined on a bundle of folded sacks, which did duty for a couch, and the topmost one of which disclosed the name of Goodge & Co., printed in red raddle. The lady sat upon a Windsor chair, engaged in the feminine occupation of sewing up a hole in another sack with coarse twine. The gentleman was of a thin spiral build, with hair and eyelashes of the colour of a Cheshire cheese that is rather old and strong in flavour; and when he rubbed his head (a common habit with him, the favourite field being behind the ears), a dusty shower fell about his coat collar which looked like the mites of the cheese. The lady was rather gingery than cheery in complexion, but the line was varied in her bare arms, which were ruddy. The gentleman was smoking a short pipe. The lady, not smoking, was smoky. The gentleman cheerfully responded to the name of Whiffler. The lady owned a partnership in the firm of Goodge & Co.; her relationship was sisterly, and she was Miss Goodge.

Mr. Whiffler had sat for some time contemplatively smoking, and meditating on the charms of Miss Goodge, who on her part maintained a lofty and somewhat contemptuous demeanour towards him, expressed by an occasional snort.

"Sally," said Mr. Whiffler at length, "give us a kiss."

Miss Goodge's reply was a sniff, indicative of infinite contempt. Conceiving this, on second thoughts, to be an incomplete demonstration, Miss Goodge snorted. Conceiving this, on thinking over it further, to be still deficient as an evidence of hostility, Miss Goodge remarked, "Well, I'm sure!" as a supplement.

"Is Sally objurate?" murmured her suitor, leaning over the sacking towards her and blowing a propitiatory cloud of tobacco; "or does Sally relent? Is the piece of Sally's being, which Sally calls her heart, but which is more like a substance of adamant diamond, inclined to soften towards her Whiffler? Is it a softening now?"

"No, it ain't," replied Sally, curtly.

"Why ain't it? Can Sally explain in the defence why it ain't? The case before us, gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Whiffler, addressing a row of empty

sacks that hung on the walls of the apartment in default of pictures, "is as interesting a one as ever was my privilege to lay before this honourable court of Love. The plaintiff is a gentleman of irreproachable manners and moving in the highest circles, who now sues in an action of breach of promise of affection—"

But Miss Goodge, on whom her admirer's forensic eloquence seemed to make no impression, interrupted him by desiring Mr. Whiffler to drop it; and Mr. Whiffler, previous to dropping it, made an extraordinary demonstration. Delicately removing his pipe from his mouth, Mr. Whiffler produced a very discoloured Bandanna handkerchief and wiped the mouthpiece of his pipe, after which Mr. Whiffler wiped his own mouth. Then approaching the haughty Sally, he suddenly seized her by the nape of the neck, and holding her forcibly despite her struggles, imprinted a salute on her cheek, having carefully wiped that also. Miss Goodge, somewhat startled at the assault made upon her maiden charms, so far recovered her power and with that her indignation, as to chase her suitor into a corner of the room and plunge the packing needle twice into his arm; but Mr. Whiffler regarding this, however personally painful, as the exuberance of feminine affection, plumed himself highly on his advances, and finished by dancing a wild and exultant pas, to an impromptu melody formed by the heels of his boots on the floor. In this he was interrupted by a voice apparently from the outside of the warehouse.

"Hi! you fellows up there!" cried the voice, in a key of indignant remonstrance.

Mr. Whiffler paused and looked round; then passing into the outer room, or office, walked to the large double door of the warehouse and looked down. There in the basement story below the street he saw a stout young gentleman with a fat head and a stern expression, who was holding on the rope which hung pendant down the whole length of the warehouse.

"How dare you make that confounded noise over my very head?" shouted the stout young gentleman in English so haughty and so refined as to be almost unintelligible.

"What noise?" retorted Whiffler.

"What noise? Why, stamping and howling right over me. What right have you to stamp when I am reading Wordsworth?" cried the stout young gentleman.

"And what right have you to be reading Wordsworth when I am stamping, if it comes to that?" returned Mr. Whiffler. "A nice place an oil cellar is to read Wordsworth in; and you're not much of a poet to look at neither."

"It's very ungentlemanly indeed," exclaimed the young gentleman.

"So are you," Mr. Whiffler replied.

The effect of this was instantaneous on the stout young gentleman. He was evidently very angry and very haughty, for he at once seized the hanging rope and roared to the men in the windlass-room aloft, "Hoist!"

"Come come, Joe!" exclaimed a voice from the interior of the cellar, in remonstrance.

"My dear fellow," returned the young gentleman, "this fellow is a bleg-gawd and has said I am no gentleman. I'll punch his head. I'd do it to my own brother, Cyril. Jigger ahoy!" roared the stout young gentleman. "Hoist!"

The rope ascended, the young gentleman holding by it, until he was on a level with the first storey, when he swung himself right into the room, and confronted Mr. Whiffler, who was rather taken aback. He was evidently a fine young gentleman, for he was scrupulously well-dressed, and his hair was extensively brushed down, and he was redolent of eau de Cologne. But he was a firm and strong young gentleman too, and fierce withal, though fat. He was so indignant that his pluffy face swelled over his eyes, and hid them, and his mouth pouted and curled so high that it seemed set about his forehead, and made him look like a Cyclops.

He leisurely divested himself of his coat, and pulling off his ring, put it in his waistcoat pocket. Then, exhibiting an enormous redundancy of muscle, the young gentleman put himself into sparring attitude, and observing to the astonished Mr. Whiffler, "Now sir," quietly knocked him down.

The blow might have felled an ox; and Whiffler lay on a heap of dried beans in a corner of the room. He had been so taken aback by the young gentleman's promptitude and so crushed by his prowess, that he lay helpless and cowed. Meanwhile, the fair Sally, who had looked passively on at her suitor's discomfiture,

seeing here an opening for the exercise of the womanly prerogative of pity for the vanquished, stole gently up with her packing-needle, and stabbed him about various parts of the body. It was an efficacious remedy, and Mr. Whiffler sat up.

"I beg your pardon, sir; no offence I'm sure," he said cringingly to the young gentleman, who had resumed his ring and coat.

"You have behaved most impertinently," said that stout hero.

"Yes, sir, I admit it; but no harm I assure you, sir. I didn't know you were such a staggerer, sir, or I wouldn't, believe me."

By this time the friend of the stout young gentleman, who had remonstrated with him, appeared at the side door. "Now then, Joe, what's all this? Come away, old boy; you are really too bad," said he.

"My dear fellow," retorted the irascible young gentleman, "the man is a bleg-gawd—a footpad. I know him: he wished to pick a quarrel."

"Oh Joe—come come, you know!"

"My dear fellow, I know him intimately. He has done it before. He tried to rob me on Saturday, by stopping me on the highway."

The other only laughed, as aware of Joe's weakness in the matter of narrative. For the stout young gentleman, having started a proposition, and finding it untenable, was wont to strengthen it by assertions drawn chiefly from imagination. But being temporarily satisfied with his recent triumph, Joe suffered himself to be led away by his friend in a state of haughty and polished complacency.

Left alone with his love, Mr. Whiffler found his position rather unpropitious. For the fair Sally was remorseless, and planted many shafts of irony into his breast, apropos of his late humiliation; until the cheese-like hue in Mr. Whiffler's yellow face deepened into that of a far-gone Stilton. Plying her packing-needle, Miss Goodge stuck it metaphorically into her admirer, and prodded his self-love to the quick, so that he felt relieved when her brother, the acting partner of Goodge & Co., entered.

He was the sullen clerk whom we saw in the office of Mr. Throgmorton as his defaulting servant; and his independence as a man of business on his own account had hardly improved his manners. As he entered the store, with a very unamiable scowl on his face, he lightened up to no great extent at recognising Mr. Whiffler.

"Oh, you're here still, are you?" he growled.

"Yes, Simon," replied Whiffler. "I am here. As a friend of the family, and interested in you in a friendly sort of way, I take that liberty now and again, Simon, you know, and make myself free."

"Ah. Freer than welcome sometimes."

"That's unkind between friends, Simon; very unkind. I shouldn't have looked for a remark like that from any man but you—especially a friend I've put in the way of doing a good thing before now. But it's a curious world," said Mr. Whiffler with unruffled composure.

"You've put me in the way of losing a good berth, if that's your good thing; and of losing much that I might have had now, but for you and your schemes, which may get me into trouble some day and bring the law down upon me and the beaks."

"Don't, Simon. Don't indulge in slang in mentioning the authorities, for it's not professional. And don't wrong me by supposing anything I am concerned in will bring you into any sort of trouble, meaning legal trouble. I hope I've studied the profession long enough to know what a man can safely do and yet keep clear of that."

"Yes, you're dashed aly with the knowledge you've picked up in a shark's office, before your master got too cunning for this country and was recommended to try another; but you may overdo all your legal sharpness, Mr. Whiffler, if you try it on me."

"You're such a violent fellow, Simon, and so unreasonable. If I wished to pick a quarrel with you, it would be an easy matter in your present state. But it would do you more harm than me, Simon, if I were to, and you ought to know it. I could put an end to the firm of Goodge and Co., by simply mentioning to the constituted authorities—"

"Hold your row, Whiffler, will you?" exclaimed Goodge, hoarsely.

"Well, that's how you may decide, whether I do or not."

"I don't want to quarrel—especially with you, Whiffler. But this is not a place to talk over our

affairs, either quarrelsome or conciliatory. Come out—I have a matter to propose."

"Concerning the trade on hand?"

"Never mind concerning what. Come!"

So saying Goodge led the way down the narrow stairs, followed by Whiffler, after an abortive attempt of the latter to take affectionate leave of the unrelenting Sally. As they passed over the oil cellar in the basement, Whiffler discerned the stout young gentleman seated on a barrel and shaking his head pathetically over a book on his knee. The stout young gentleman was evidently much affected, and took no pains to conceal the sweet emotion. At stated intervals he ejaculated, "Beautiful! Very nice!" and went mournfully on.

"A little child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath—"

Very beautiful; extremely. So true, my dear fellow. A little child, you know. Wordsworth," burst out the stout young gentleman livelier, "he was a great man! Greatest poet that ever lived! After Watts and Shakespeare."

Leaving the stout young gentleman to his enthusiasm, Goodge and his companion turned down several streets, till they came to a public house by the water side.

The sullen clerk had not spoken a word on the way, and he now led Whiffler in silence into a back room of the tavern, which announced itself as a smoking-room, in a supererogatory manner, seeing that every room in the establishment was perforce one of the same description in respect of tobacco. At the bar there stood a rough-built sailor-like man in a huge pea jacket and overlapping cap; and this man Goodge beckoned into the back room, where they sat down.

"Spikey," said Whiffler to the sailor-looking man; "how are you?"

"Thankee, Mr. Whiffler," the other replied very hoarsely; "only gruffish at best. What with one thing and another, and chiefly the river damp out at nights, I might be less harmonious even than I am."

"Settle on the chest, I suppose?"

"Why no, it can't very well settle there," answered Spikey, producing a large spotted handkerchief and wiping down his head and neck, "it can't well settle there, Mr. Whiffler, because I hain't got no chest left to speak on. The river fetched out most all the chest I had, some—ah, thirty year ago. It's more in the throat as I suffer now; and nothing relieves me so much as a four of Jamaica, hot, and a mossel o' sugar."

The desired relief being applied by Whiffler, Mr. Spikey pronounced his condition improved; and the three drew closer round the table.

"Spikey here tells me," said Goodge, in an undertone, "that the men across the Channel are getting unmanageable, and are likely to waken the suspicions of the French police, and bring themselves to the galleys, if not the guillotine. They are in want of a head, and one too, that can keep them in. He would have to be a man who could pass for a Frenchman, for they are on the alert over there, and an Englishman is doomed to be kept out of the light of day so long as the War lasts. He would also have to be a cool hand and a strong-headed fellow, to rule that rebellious lot."

"As is the tiger and monkey nater, with a dash of the wiper and the wulter into the bargain," added Spikey, hoarsely.

"Do you know of a man who could take care of the station, and superintend the gang?" asked Goodge of Whiffler.

"I think I do," answered the other; "I think I could provide one. But, look here, Goodge—a word with you in confidence, if our friend Spikey will excuse us?"

Mr. Spikey affably expressed his readiness to excuse any parties as had confidences for the ears of other parties, as was not intended for third parties, however honourable, through being permissive, to hear.

So Whiffler led Goodge into a corner. "If I strike my hand on yours and go through this business with you, providing the man you want, and seeing the French gang are properly managed, is it share and share alike? Are we one?"

The other muttered a sulky acquiescence.

"Speak out, man; is it a compact?"

"It is."

"There is another thing. Sally. I want her. I must have her."

A lingering scowl on the brother's face hardened and deepened, as he looked at the other threateningly.

"Pah! what a fool you are," added Whiffler. "I mean to make her Mrs. Whiffler—at Hanover Square if

you are particular. To marry her, blockhead; can't you see that I'm in earnest?"

"She doesn't like you, though. She hates you, I firmly believe," said Goodge.

The other sneered. "It is for that very reason I wish to do this. Do you think there would be any charm in marrying a woman who *did* like you? Come—is it a compact?"

"It is," Goodge replied.

"Good!" rejoined Whiffler aloud. "We'll inaugurate the new bond of friendship by making Mr. Spikey drink the health of present friends."

When the worthy trio sallied out of the tavern, the mist on the river had cleared away, but was beginning to be replaced by the dusk of growing twilight. Long shadows of wharves, of gloomy barges, of piles of warehouses, gathered on the muddy banks at low ebb, and mingled with the gloom of the great Bridge, over which the roar of life still went. A weak and watery sun was blinking at its own setting far beyond Westminster.

The three stopped under the bridge, and Goodge was speaking excitedly, in answer apparently to some question of Whiffler's.

"No, I have not seen him lately; but I hear his son has left for India. I failed to see the young one before he started, or I'd have left a part payment of the father's debt on him." He clenched his fist, and shook it at the other side of the river. "Only let me get him down—the old one; or only let him come down, whether by my means or not, and let me be there to see. I have prayed for this, night and day; I pray for it now. And if there is any good in prayers, John Throgmorton, you have mine for your downfall, and they are as earnest as any you ever uttered, either in closet or church."

The watery sun had retired from London Bridge, and the shadows on the river were merged in a common dusk. But it was bright on the western windows of Great Russell Street, as Mr. Throgmorton, in descending from his cab, bestowed a penny and a blessing on a mass of rags and matted hair about four feet high, who had opened the cab-door, rung the bell, turned a summersault and stood on its head, by way of earning an instalment towards supper.

"My wife and child," said Mr. Throgmorton, "I have welcome news. I bring home the first letter from Alfred."

(To be continued.)

SIR LAUNCELOT.

SIR LAUNCELOT rode ever on his way,
Holding no path, adventuring in haste,
Until he came, at darkening of day,
Unto a stone cross by a barren waste,
That stretched for ever bare and dree,
Without fair water or green tree.

Then did he see hard by an old chapelle,
And there he went that folk he might have found,
To tend his great destere, and groom him well;
So lightly laid his spear upon the ground,—
And through the open porch he went;
The door was wide, the walls were rent.

Withal there was within an altar fair,
Samite arrayed, with candles burning bright,
And a great silver candlestick was there;
When Launcelot beheld the heavenly sight,
He minded was to enter in,
But might not for his deadly sin.

Then passing heavy-hearted and dismayed,
His steed he did unsaddle and set free,
And down to rest his mighty limbs he laid,
Beneath a stone cross by the pathways three—
Half sleeping then he was aware
Of palfreys that a sick knight bare.

The wounded knight made loud complaint and moan,
"When shall the vessel of the grail come by?
With very mighty pangs do I atone
For little crime, sore-wounded since I lie.
Oh when shall I with joyance hail
The presence of the holy grail?"

Then Launcelot saw candles all alight,
And yet he saw not any hand that bore,—
He saw a silver table broad and bright,
And the great chalice he had seen before,
When with King Pecheur he abode,
Or ever on the quest he rode.

The wounded man raised up his hands on high,
Saying, "O power that in this cup dost dwell!
I prithee look upon me, so that I
May of my evils manifold be well."
And then withal he bore him up,
And touched and kissed the holy cup.

Then was he well again, and hale, and strong,
And gave great thanks as healed of his pain,
The holy vessel bode for very long,
Then to the Chapel did return again.
Launcelot saw not where it went,
For sin full sore he did repent.

O'er the wild waste the knight his way did take;
Launcelot knew not if he dreamed or saw
With waking eyes, when a dread voice did make
The hair upon his flesh creep up with awe,
Right as the voice in anger spoke,
He wept as if his heart would break.

"Launcelot, harder-hearted than the stone,
More bitter than the very bitter wood,
Barer than barren fig-tree, get thee gone
From out the presence of the holy rood."
Then forth went Launcelot forlorn,
Hating the hour that he was born.

The Country House.

THE BOUDOIR.

We subjoin the current fashions from *Le Follet*. We must no longer seek for Fashion in Paris—the fickle goddess is to be found in the *châteaux* or at the watering-places, but her reign there is as despotic as in the capital. *Foulard* is still a favourite, and just now *barège* and *Chambéry* gauze are much worn; also a charming material, called Indian gauze, is used for *demi-toilette*. Dresses of *piqué* or *batiste*, simply ornamented with white or coloured braid, and with a little *veste* to match, are exceedingly useful. More elegant dresses, but still made with *vestes*, are of muslin or *batiste*, trimmed with *guipure*, *Valenciennes*, embroidery, or ribbon bows. The square *fichu* is that decidedly preferred to be worn with low-bodied summer evening dress. The *ceinture* is now one of the most important parts of the *toilette*. For young girls of slight figure nothing can be more becoming than the Swiss *ceinture*, embroidered and trimmed with lace or *ruches* of ribbon, worn over a *chemisette*. Bands of thick plain ribbon are quite the order of the day. Wide square buckles are worn with them. Muslin shawls and *camails*, trimmed with insertion and flounces of lace, are in vogue. The richest are lined with *taffetas*; others, more simple, are trimmed with festooned flounces or ball fringe, an insertion over ribbon being placed all round. Some half-fitting *casques* are also made of muslin, with embroidered seams. This season white *tarlatane* is much used for trimming *taffetas*. It seems a strange fancy, but when well arranged it has a good effect. But the best way of making our readers acquainted with *la mode* is to proceed to our description of dresses. A straw-coloured lawn dress: at the bottom of the skirt a plaited flounce about five inches wide, and upon each plait a *coquille* of black lace partly on the skirt. A small *veste* of the same material as the dress, trimmed round with black lace; opened in front, but attached by *pattes*, which cross over a waistcoat of *batiste*, with insertion and *Valenciennes* lace forming a *jabot*, and also placed round the *basques*. A dress of white alpaca: the bottom of the skirt cut in very deep festoons, and edged with a wide *cerise* ribbon. This trimming is rounded off, and carried up the side as far as the waist. A narrow flounce is placed over the ribbon round the festoons. *Ceinture corselet*, with *basques Directoire* made of *cerise taffetas* and embroidered with jet. With this elegant dress is worn a high body and long sleeves of muslin *bouillonnée*, and cross-banded with narrow *cerise* velvet. A spotted muslin dress, over sky-blue *tarlatane*: a flounce about six inches wide trimmed with *guipure* and headed with a magnificent insertion, which is carried up each seam in horse-shoe form to the height of a quarter of a yard. A *postillon veste*, trimmed in the same style. Underneath, a Swiss *ceinture* of blue *taffetas*, with very long and wide ends falling behind. A robe of white *foulard*: the skirt trimmed round with a wide band of blue *taffetas*, edged on each side with a quilling, and embroidered with white silk. A small *collet* to match,

a jockey hat of Leghorn, trimmed with a white feather and blue bow, complete this *toilette*. A white muslin dress, with a plaiting and *revers*, about five inches wide, round the bottom of the skirt and up each side of the seams, gradually diminishing in width. These *revers* are embroidered and placed over pink. The *veste* and sleeves trimmed to match. A robe of pointed muslin, the body full at the waist: *ceinture* of lilac gauze, with a satin edge trimmed with black lace. The bottom of the skirt trimmed with a quilling of the same ribbon, covered with black lace. A white *foulard* dress, with large oval spots *groselle*, trimmed with a flounce of *groselle* silk crossway, and plaited in three wide plaits set on at intervals: a black and white *perlerette* forms the heading. Jacket body, with tight sleeves. A robe of grey *grenadine*, trimmed with twelve flounces edged with white silk. Full body, open in front. Small open sleeves, trimmed up to the elbow with narrow frills. A white *tulle* dress, edged with a wide *ruche* of *tulle*, resembling moss, surmounted by ten *bouillons* of white *taffetas*, over which run wreaths of roses with their leaves. Pointed body, trimmed with two folds of *tulle*, edged with *blonde*. Sleeves, very short, with *bouillons* of *tulle*. On the front of the body a *bouquet* of full-blown roses, fastened by a wreath of leaves to a *bouquet* of the same on the left shoulder. An *agraffe* of diamonds on the right shoulder. Bodies of *crêpe lisse* are much worn, with skirts of *Chambéry* gauze or light-coloured silk. They have a most charming effect trimmed with black braid, and quillings of black and white *blonde*, and are exceedingly becoming. Others are made of thin *nansook*, with narrow tucks, small collar of linen, and wide cuffs, each trimmed round with a very narrow insertion of embroidered muslin; with *Valenciennes* insertion, and straps of velvet up each side. China crape and *foulard* are both also used for loose bodies. *Foulard*, although not quite so graceful as China crape, is so much cheaper, that it will be more generally worn. White dresses are more worn than ever this season, not only for full dress in muslin, gauze, *barège*, *tulle*, &c., but also for morning wear in *jaconet*, *muslinette*, alpaca, and *poil de chèvre*. The robes de ville of *foulard* and silk, with white grounds, are also much in favour. A great many robes and *casâques* of white alpaca, *poil de chèvre*, and *cachemire* are trimmed with coloured silk. The colours most in vogue are lilac, blue, and pink, in clear, bright tints. The *foulards* of this season have followed the *taffetas*, and are made in wide stripes or checks of two colours; the greatest novelties, however, in coloured *foulards* are those printed in shaded leaves, or *bouquets* of roses with leaves. Plain white *foulards* are even worn for evening-dress, and may be made really elegant with good trimmings. A reaction has taken place with regard to bonnets, and from the high-fronted bonnets lately worn we have now come to mere head-dresses, and are fast going back to the small close bonnet of former days. The curtain, too, is quite banished by some, although others still retain it as the most elegant finish. We will give the description of some made each way. A *capote* of white *tulle bouillonné*, trimmed on the crown with a large bow of *tulle* covered with branches of young ivy. Curtain of *blonde*, edged with silk fringe. The inside trimmed with puffing of *tulle* with branches of ivy crossing it. A *capote* of light blue crape, covered with *tulle* worked with crystal beads. A bow of blue ribbon takes the place of the curtain. At the side a blue tulip, from which falls a Russian *aigrette*. *Bouillonné* of crape, with blue bow and lilies of the valley inside. A *capote* of pink crape covered with pink *tulle*; an *aigrette frangée* of feathers falling over a puff of pink ribbon. Inside a quilling of pink crape, with a full-blown rose and white heath. A bonnet of drawn *tulle*, the crown of *tulle* in deep flutes, separated by straps of white ribbon, with branches of honey-suckle falling over them. Fancy ribbons are much used for morning bonnets, either flowered or in shaded stripes; they have a very rich appearance. The same style of ribbon, only much wider, is also worn for sashes. For the sea-side, some most elegant and becoming *coiffures* have been prepared. We select some of the most elegant. The *chapeau Lavallière Louis XIV.*, style of fancy straw, edged with black velvet worked with straw. A bow of maize-coloured ribbon, fastened by a straw cord, and falling rather to the side, seems to hold a plume of black feathers, surmounted by the wing of a bird, which falls over the front. This hat is rather large, but very graceful and becoming to a certain style of beauty. The *Alexandrine*, of rice straw, trimmed with a scarf of violet velvet, and *Alexandrine* bow fastening a hunting plume of

violet cog feathers. The *toque Stuart* of fancy straw, trimmed with wide black velvet passed through a steel buckle, with three small feathers put in closely at the side—one black and two red. The *chapeau Huguenot*. The edges raised and trimmed with narrow black velvet. A flowered ribbon crossed round the crown, and falling in two ends behind, with a *bouquet* of black feathers and field-flowers. Each of these hats has its own peculiar style; it must rest with the fair wearer to choose the one the most becoming. We must not close our description of hats without the *Princesse de Galles* and the *Mousquetaire*. The former made of very white straw, edged with green velvet, with a *bouquet* of peacock's feathers in the midst of which reposes a small green bird. Round the brim a row of small straw hanging buttons. The latter of straw, edged with blue velvet. Round the crown two narrow straps of velvet fastened under a bow of the same trimmed with straw, from which fall one blue and two brown feathers. The *casquette* is gaining favour, but is more trying to most faces than the hat.

OUT OF DOORS.

Four hand-books of that charming lawn-game, Croquet, have just been issued;—one by Jaques and Sons, Hatton-garden; another by Routledge; another by Capt. Mayne Reid; and the last by Hatchard & Co. Now the laws of Croquet are not quite so settled as the laws of the Medes and Persians were, and as it is a matter of the greatest importance to our lady readers to be well up in authorities, we shall give the conflicting opinions of the various writers, and trust that an equitable code of laws will be evolved out of the chaos. A good analysis is given in a recent number of the *Field*, which we shall use as the groundwork of our article. Supposing that the implements are got—that the lawn is rolled—and that the hoops are set up, (by the way there is ample difference of arrangement as regards them too), let us proceed to the rules regulating the play.

LAW OF THE GAME:—From the starting-post each ball has to be played over a given course back to it, and then the game is over, but in travelling over this course it is lawful not only to do your best for yourself and partners, but your worst for your adversaries. The means offered you for doing both of these things are precisely the same. First you must make a roquet, and having done so you are entitled to a croquet, which you may use according to your pleasures. The way in which the stroke shall be made has given rise to much difference of opinion, and this is the most absurd difference of all. It is, however, we fear a wide-spread one, though common-sense appears to be asserting itself in the matter, and the dictums which are opposed to it to be disregarded. Of course it ought to be a *stroke*, not a *push*, though the latter could scarcely fail to be disadvantageous to the player making use of it. Granted, then, that it must be a blow, is it to be made with one hand or two? and shall it be a side or a back stroke—i.e., shall the player stand on one side of the ball or behind it? Let us see what these books say on the subject:

12. A player may play in any attitude, and use his mallet with his hands in any way he pleases, so that he strikes the ball with the face of the mallet.—*Jaques*.
11. A player must fairly hit his ball. A ball is considered to be fairly hit when the sound of the stroke is heard.—*Jaques*.
3. In striking the mallet must be about an inch from the ground, and must not be pushed along it when the stroke is made.—*Routledge*.
2. In striking the ball the player must stand on one side of the ball, and not behind it.—*Routledge*.
5. The stroke of the ball may be either a *push* or a *blow*, but only one hand is to be used in making it.—*Reid*.
11. The ball must never be played by anything but the mallet, and it must be fairly struck by the end of it. It must not be *pushed* or *shored*, nor may the *side* of the mallet be used.—*Hatchard*.

Clearly the law in this case ought to give the player the right to stand, hold his mallet, and strike (not push) his ball as he pleases. Anything more absurd than attempting to confine a player to one attitude cannot well be imagined, unless, indeed, it is that excessively silly law which says only one hand shall be used. We do not suppose that any one having the advantage of two would be likely to follow it; but there it is, the only one we can find on the subject in the book from which it is taken. In the stroke as made from the side—which is the natural position that recommends itself at once to any child who can hold a mallet—there is

freedom and grace, as there is in playing a cricket ball but in the back stroke, which is still upheld by some players, the posture is an ungraceful stooping one, and the power of the player is limited to such a degree as spoils the play. This is one of the great radical differences in the game, and the laws we have quoted may be taken as representing the varied practice of players.

The next two points show an equal or greater diversity, and are of still more serious import, as they concern that we may call the fundamental rule of the game. They relate to the right to croquet, and to what is called "tight croquet." Shall it be optional on the part of a player who has made roquet to take the croquet or leave it? Two of the four books before us say "Yes," the others as imperatively "No." Now, any player who will consider the principles upon which the game is founded will, we think, at once see that perfect freedom ought to be given to the player to take or leave as he shall see fit. He strikes the ball of his opponent either with the direct intention of doing himself or partner a service, or an adversary an injury. Shall he be deprived of what is often the highest benefit of the roquet? By its use, a skilful player will, from a most untoward position, place himself in one where the passage of his next hoop becomes a matter of certainty. In doing this he, hitting his own ball on to the side of that of his opponent, drives it in the very contrary direction to that taken by his own. Must he then forego the whole advantage of this stroke by carrying his ball back and taking the croquet, with the chance of making a good splitting or following stroke (if this is allowed in the code of laws by which he plays), but with every probability of leaving himself in a position as bad as that from which he originally made a roquet? Every principle of the game and of common sense says not. The roquet is for the advantage of the player who can succeed in making it, and any arbitrary law depriving him of the whole or part of the benefit arising therefrom is injurious, and would lead players to avoid, in some cases, this fine part of the play. Let us examine the laws treating upon the subject.

4. When a player strikes his own ball so as to hit another at a distance, he is said to roquet it, and having thus hit a ball he must then, as it is termed, take the croquet.—*Jaques*.
20. A player is allowed the privilege of croquet whenever his ball strikes another, except, &c. . . . A player after striking a ball is not necessarily compelled to croquet it, but is allowed to play in any direction he pleases.—*Routledge*.

20. If A. (the striker) hit B. (non-striker) it must croquet it, unless [there is no "unless he chooses to do otherwise" among the list of exceptions,] so that the above is, as far as we are now concerned, the law, the exceptions being technical and general.—*Hatchard*.
55. A ball having made roquet may decline the croquet.—*Reid*.

Can any reader suggest a point more likely to raise an unpleasant discussion, albeit understood that croquet-players belong for the most part to a class always willing to make concessions and give way to guest and friends, yet could the mere proposition of a player accustomed to one method for the adoption of the other fail to have an unpleasant result? We greatly deplore this want of unanimity upon a vital point of the game, and are surprised that any lover of the game should desire to make the croquet compulsory, even to the disadvantage of the player making a chance roquet. Of course, an intentional one would be, under what we call the penal law, avoided in all cases where the player did not desire the croquet. Would not the game lose much by this? Who has spent an hour upon a ground when the proper law has been in force, without seeing some very nice points—actual billiard strokes in fact—made that could not have been attempted under the enforcement of the rule for taking the croquet?

Then again, the two books which agree upon the right of a player to take or leave the croquet, disagree in a matter of detail also important, and the right of which is always equally clear of demonstration. This is whether a player being entitled to forego the croquet, is also entitled to place his ball before making the next stroke in the position from which he would have taken it, viz, besides the roquetted ball?

56. A ball having made roquet, and declined the croquet, may continue its play, either from the spot
- Note to Rule 26 (given above). It must, however, be understood that he (the player, either from the spot

into which it rolled after the roquet or from the side of the roqueted ball. *Note*.—With some the rule is: if the croquet be declined, to compel continuance from the spot into which the playing ball has rolled after the roquet. Altogether irrational, since the playing ball may place itself contiguous to that roquet, sham the croquet by the slightest blow, and then proceed from the coveted place.—*Reid*.

Here, then, is an important matter, in the main point of which two of the law-givers are clearly right; but they disagree about a detail, and both produce arguments that look formidable in favour of their plans. These in some measure depend upon the great law next to be considered. The equity of the case is clearly against my removal of the playing ball, unless for the *bona fide* intention of taking the croquet; but since any player who knows anything can croquet the ball and keep his own on the spot, it is of no use to legislate on the subject at all, except to give to the player the right to play, if he chooses, from the spot to which the ball rolled. A law of Mr. Routledge's, given below, may have been framed to meet the case, among others; but since "tight croquet" is everywhere permissible, it does not effect. From all this, then, we conclude that a player having made roquet, ought to be allowed to continue his game with or without taking the croquet, but in the latter case from the spot only at which his ball stopped.

And now with regard to the croquet—i.e., the right to make use of it anyhow you please, by keeping your ball in the position from which it is made, by making a following stroke or a splitting stroke, as you desire, and by putting your foot, for these purposes, heavily upon it, lightly upon it, or not at all. These are the laws directly bearing upon the question:

- 4 (continued). He (the player having made roquet) lays his own ball against the other, so that it touches it. He then places his foot on his own ball, which he strikes with his mallet. This will drive the other ball with any strength and in any direction he pleases. In croquetting a ball away, a player will hold his foot firmly on his own ball. In making a splitting or following stroke, the foot is usually held lightly on one's own ball; but it is not obligatory to put the foot on at all: this is entirely at the option of the player.—*Jaques*.
21. In croquetting the ball, the player must keep his foot firmly upon his own ball, and if the stroke move it, the ball must afterwards be brought back to the position it occupied before it was struck. *Note*.—It has, however been the custom in some parts of the country to allow the croquet to keep his foot only lightly upon his own ball, and then allow the stroke to drive the two balls together. This plan is, however, so obviously unfair, and whenever it is carried into force provokes so much discussion, that it ought never to have been adopted. Take for instance, a rover in the act of croquetting. He can drive his own ball a dozen yards in the direction of an adversary's, and continuing this game, he is able by a series of croquets to traverse the whole ground and croquet nearly every player, thus making the game of much longer duration than it would otherwise have been, and certainly of much less interest to most of the players, since, according to this arrangement, no person, whatever position he may occupy, can be safe from the attacks of a roving croquet.—*Routledge*.
88. If a ball in executing the croquet *finch* from under the foot of the player, its turn terminates.—*Reid*.
19. A. croquets B. by being placed so as to touch it; and then, while retained in its place by the foot of the player, being struck with the end of the mallet, so that B. flies off.

Now it will be seen that there are three laws against

one. Mr. Routledge also gives a law, declaring the croquet to be incomplete if the ball be not driven "at least six yards," the player making the croquet having the liberty to strike again. This is decidedly a very objectionable law, but we pass it by for the more important matter.

There is a little history growing out of a practical experience with regard to the matter we are now considering. The first published rules did not allow the player to move his own ball in making a croquet; and if he did so, the opponent decided whether it should lie where it went or be brought back again. But players very strongly and reasonably objected to this, and a note appeared in most of the laws, saying "A player, in croqueting a ball, may place his foot lightly on his own ball, and move it with the same blow with which he moves the other ball." It would probably have been too much to expect that with a game like croquet we should get an adequate set of rules in the very outset, but it is not too much to expect that the spirit of English players should lead them to approve so great an improvement in the game as this makes. We believe, notwithstanding the preponderance of rules on the one side, that the majority of players do allow perfect freedom of action in the matter, and the game will make a serious retrograde movement if mistaken lawgivers are allowed to take so interesting a portion out of it. Yet we have seen many a good game seriously interfered with, and one or two stopped, because the players drew from their pockets the opposing laws, and held by them. How can it be otherwise? Croquet inspires in its devotees a degree of enthusiasm, which is well deserved; and being enthusiastic, of course a player does not like to see what he has been taught to regard as the law upon the most important point in the game violated. If croquet were less charming, did it call for less skill and ingenuity than it does, there are enough discordant elements in the laws to greatly limit its progress.

Let us take one other of many points which we might cite. Playing the ball against the stake, either at the turning or finishing point, is, as all players know, very often a much more skilful stroke than the mere passage of the hoops; the aim requires to be much truer. All are agreed that when a ball hits the starting-post after passing through all the hoops, it is dead and out of the game. That is a clear and equitable law; but there is one with regard to the turning-post which is simply ridiculous:

15. A player stops at the peg—that is, after having struck the turning peg in order, his turn is at an end, and, even though he should roquet a ball off the peg, it does not count. When his turn comes round again, he plays his ball from the spot it rolled to after pegging.—*Jaques.*
37. Striking the turning-post enables the player to have a fresh turn and is in all respects equivalent to passing a hoop.—*Routledge.*
74. Tolling the stake entitles to continuance of tour (or play).—*Reid.*
18. Hitting the turning-post is, in all respects, the same as going through a ring.—*Hatchard.*

Since a clever well-directed stroke is required to drive a ball against the stake, and since striking it is an actual point in the game as much as passing through a hoop, it clearly ought to entitle a player to continue, just as croquet or the passage of a hoop does. The mischievous rule has been protested against by at least one writer; and we believe that the majority of players do hold it to be at variance with the true principles of the game, and therefore disregard it.

THE LIBRARY.

The Laureate's new work, in anticipation of which so many reports were circulated, deserves to rank highest among the literary births of last month. Many of the anticipations, by the way, concerning the promised treasure, proved unfounded. It was to be called "Enoch the Fisherman;" it was to be called "Idylls of the Hearth;" it was to be in the Lincolnshire dialect; and lovers of Tennyson shuddered as they thought of his glorious rolling dekasyllables degraded into provincial vulgarisms. But the casket appears, and it is full of the rich poetic gems we know so well, and the lines have all their old melodic flow. The book, which on its title-page reads "Enoch Arden, etc." consists of the poem which gives the collection its name, another poem in blank verse entitled "Aymer's Field," and some miscellaneous verse, some of which has appeared elsewhere, notably in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Once a Week*, the *Victoria Press*, and *Macmillan*, and which are therefore reprints. The principal idyll,

"Enoch Arden" is a domestic poem, and here Tennyson has forsaken the field in which he delights to dress his personages in the garb and invest them with the surroundings of gentle life and romance, and in which his great muse marches sonorously along in all its pomp and pageantry; for this time he descends from the sphere of refinement, and tells the story of a simple, large-hearted sailor, who has been cast away so long that his wife remarries, suspecting him dead, and who comes back to find another man usurping his place, and so creeps away to die and leave her in peaceful ignorance of his wrong. The plot is hardly new in conception: it has often been told one way and another, and has even, in similar form, served as one of the Christmas stories in *All the Year Round*. In Tennyson's hand it assumes loftier properties, for it is dignified by his matchless verse. So far as the poetry is concerned, the sternest test which can be applied to it is to compare it with other productions of his; and, thus comparing Tennyson with Tennyson, the synthesis may not be favourable to this his latest poem. The Laureate has written so much that is faultless, that his admirers have grown fastidious, and demand the greatest things from him in all he does. He has educated the world up to this, and he must abide by the critical spirit he has created. We love him so well that we grudge him the smallest deviation from the absolutely perfect. In "Enoch Arden" the level of his writing is below that in the "Idylls of Kings;" it is necessarily simple, and therefore less grand. And people are disposed to murmur at this, resting unsatisfied that the poet is excellent, and demanding that he be matchless. Yet if any other than Tennyson had written this book, a burst of exultation would have rung through the land at its wondrous beauty in idea, in pathos, in simplicity, in tragic power, in true melodious sweep and flow.

The scene of the story is on the English coast, described in a nonain with all the force of imagery wherein the nervous word-painter excels.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm:
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

In this village a hundred years ago lived three children of three houses, Annie Lee, "the prettiest little damsel in the port, and Philip Ray, the miller's only son, and Enoch Arden, a rough sailor-lad, made orphan by a winter shipwreck." They had grown together; as children, had played among the waste and lumber of the shore, and built castles of the sand, "and flying the white breaker, daily left the little footprint daily washed away." Here too they had played in a narrow cave at keeping house, and Enoch was now the host, and now Philip, and Annie always the mistress; until they would quarrel over her, as to whose wife she should be, and Annie would intercede, and say she would be little wife to both. At length all growing up, both Enoch and Philip fixed their love on Annie, only Philip loved in silence, while Enoch wooed and won. Married to Annie, and a bold and skilful fisherman, Enoch prospered, and "merrily ran the years—seven happy years of health and competence, and mutual love and honourable toil." Two children were the issue, a girl and boy; and then came disaster. The father-fisherman, in working about the mast, fell and broke a limb, which laid him in his bed for many months, during which another baby was born, a poor sickly one. Meanwhile another fisherman filled his place, and his trade fell off, and so disaster accrued on disaster, until Enoch determined to leave the port, and go before the mast in a China-bound vessel.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will:
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

And he went, taking a cheery leave of Annie in seaman-like and Christian fashion.

"Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again,
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His: He made it."

He would not have the baby waked—the sickly child—to wish it farewell; "but Annie from her baby's forehead clipt a tiny curl and gave it: this he kept thro' all the future." Thus he left her, and she looked her last on him.

Soon the child died. "Like the caged bird escaping suddenly, the little innocent soul flitted away." And while the poor mother—poor now in another sense, for poverty pressed hard upon her—turned her face to the wall and wept, Philip came and looked in. His great soul had gone on hopelessly loving; but he had ever held aloof till now; and now he yearned to do some kind turn for Annie, for he had prospered and was a wealthy miller. He prayed Annie to allow him to educate the girl and boy, and Annie gladly consented, and thanked him tearfully. So the children were put to school and cared for, and grew to love Philip, and even to call him father, though for Annie's sake he scrupulously abstained from being much with her. So, ten years passed, and Enoch came to be regarded as lost; and here we think Tennyson has somewhat hurried the action of the poem: he might have dwelt longer on the wife's hopeless waiting. But to be brief, Philip gradually glided into her heart; and at last told his patient love, and asked her to be his wife.

"I am content," he answer'd, "to be loved
A little after Enoch." "O," she cried,
Scared as it were, "dear Philip, wait a while:
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:
Surely I shall be wiser in a year:
O wait a little!" Philip sadly said
"Annie, as I have waited all my life,
I will wait a little." "Nay," she cried,
"I am bound; you have my promise—in a year:
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?"
And Philip answer'd "I will bide my year."

At the end of the year Philip came to pray fulfilment of her promise, but she implored another month, and half another year slipped away. At length, Annie, won by his entreaties, prayed for a sign whether Enoch were dead or not, and with religious fervour sought it from her Bible.

Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
'Under a palmtree.' That was nothing to her:
No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept:
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palmtree, over him the Sun:
'He is gone' she thought, 'he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried
"Hosanna in the highest!" Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him
'There is no reason why we should not wed.'
'Then for God's sake,' he answer'd, 'both our sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at once.'

They were thus thus wedded; but for long, and until the first baby of the second marriage was born, Annie had no peace.

A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor venture out alone.
What aild her then, that ere she enter'd often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter; Philip thought he knew:
Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
Being with child: but when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

The scene now reverts to Enoch. He had been wrecked on the return passage, and cast upon a deserted island: he and two others. His companions died, and Enoch was left alone: "in those deaths he read God's warning 'wait.'" And now comes the glowing

imagery that speaks the master hand. In the description of the lingering horror of that luxuriant isle, nothing that Tennyson ever wrote surpasses what is here penned of strong, sensuous, narrative beauty:—

The mountains wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to heaven,
The splendour coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvulus
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in heaven,
The hollow-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

This recalls indeed the music of Arthur's court and all the idyllic melodies. On the island Enoch lingered, until a passing vessel bore him home, and landed him at the very port from which he had sailed ten years back. He crept, weak and bowed down with the long desolation, to the old house, and found a bill of sale in the window; then sick and disheartened he turned into a tavern he knew, and rested there several days. There he learnt from the hostess the story of his wife, and how believing her husband lost she had married Philip. The poor sailor is a hero at heart; he will not disturb his wife's peace; he will not break up her ignorant happiness. Only if he might look on her sweet face again, and know that she is happy! He could not bear it long, and one evening he crept down to Philip's house; and what he saw sent him staggering to the earth, "so that falling prone he dug his fingers into the wet earth and prayed" that God would give him strength to leave her—"never to tell her, never to let her know."

All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

The end is not far off. He cannot support his desolation long, and a year sees him stretched faintly out and dying. His death is told with magnificent power and sublime pitifulness. The little babe that died ten years ago is in his thoughts as the nearest one to him now on earth or in heaven.

And now there is but one of all my blood,
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he.'

And at the final hour the spirit travels back to the deserted island, and he sees the long-looked-for sail.

While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
Crying with a loud voice 'A sail! a sail!
I am saved;' and so fell back and spoke no more.

Among the new poems, the most glowing in descriptive colour is "The Voyage." Listen to the music of this:—

How oft we saw the sun retire,
And burn the threshold of the night,
Fall from his ocean-lane of fire
And sleep beneath his pillar'd light!
How oft the purple-skirted robe
Of twilight slowly downward drawn,
As thro' the shadow of the globe
Again we dash'd into the dawn!

And "The Isles" is musical too: quaint and musical and unfinished—like many of the poet's best touches. There are imperfections, alas! in the little book: spots on the brightness of his thought; for he has published "The Northern Farmer" and "The Ringlet." How Tennyson could condescend on provincial vulgarisms and heathenisms, and wrap up a more than questionable morality in a barbarous dialect, it might puzzle Tennyson himself to explain. To come fresh from the melting pathos of "Enoch Arden," the vivid beauty of "Aylmer's Field," the simple melodies of "Sea Dreams," and the rhythmic ebb and flow of "The Grandmother," suddenly upon a demi-savage like that "Northern Farmer," with his horrible craving for "yalls" on his death-bed, and his contempt for "Godamoughty," is to be brought to a mental standstill, and to seek refuge from perplexity in incredulity. Could Tennyson have written it? It is hard to credit that the mind that called up Enoch Arden's mighty soul and Christian faith should have imagined the northern heathen who heaps ill-disguised contempt on the sacredst of things. We prefer disbelieving it altogether. "The Ringlet" is one of those superlatively simple things which err altogether on the side of simplicity and are simplified into nonsense. "Maud" produced one or two verses of the kind; and "The Ringlet" is a very simple edition of the simplest passages in "Maud."

O Ringlet, O Ringlet,
I count you much to blame,
For Ringlet, O Ringlet,
You put me much to shame,
So Ringlet, O Ringlet,
I doom you to the flame—

is a specimen of this Arcadian poem. Everybody remembers the "Sea-king's daughter from over the sea;" and to meet it in the present volume is to carry one back to the 7th of March last year, and all the excitement of the Prince's bridal. Tennyson has altered it: he has an insatiable desire to alter and improve his poetry; and he has rather spoiled this than otherwise by adding a lot of lines. The rhymes apparently tempted him, to the destruction of the effect; as, for instance in the following, where the additions are marked in italics.

Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare! etc.

How that interpolation has destroyed the harmonious triplet, which marked a climax and a rest! Then again in the following:—

Flames on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
*Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher,
Melt into stars for the land's desire!*

Oh, ye tuneful Nine! From cities and rivers of fire
we drop suddenly to a fourpenny Roman candle. Those plaguy rhymes that tempted the poet on! Originally it stood thus:—

Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
Alexandra!

Here was indeed a climax and a succeeding pause, which the poet has now abrogated. To conclude our extracts we present our readers with the following perfect little gem:—

Fair is her cottage in its place
Where you broad water sweetly slowly glides;
It sees itself from thatch to base,
Dream in the sliding tides.
And fairer she, but ah, how soon to die!
Her quiet dream of life this hour may cease.
Her peaceful being slowly passes by
To some more perfect peace.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

The following story *à propos* of barbers and costumiers appears in a French paper:—Leonard, the hair-dresser of Marie Antoinette, wrote the memoirs of his unfortunate Queen; Plaisir, the barber of Charles X., was the favourite gossip and anecdote-monger of the Court. Mariton, who had the honour of combing and shaving the "Citizen King," was staid, practically and com-

mercially-minded, like his royal patron. Oddly enough, the Empress's hair-dresser is named Le Roy (the King) while the Emperor's rejoices in the name of Majesté (Majesty). The master of France has no barber; he keeps to his old habit and shaves himself. The two great reigning hair-dressers of the day are Felix and Petrus. The former has been the Empress's hair-dresser since the time of her elevation to the throne until a few months ago, when he lost his post through having weakly yielded to the seduction of an enormous bribe, allowing a lady of the Court to have a duplicate of the head-dress made for the Empress, which duplicate the lady in question vowed, by all the saints in the calendar, not to let any human eye behold in Paris, promising to take it off with her to the south of France that very day; instead of which she wickedly postponed her journey, and made her appearance at the Tuileries, wearing the *fac simile* of the Empress's headgear. Through Felix, by thus violating his engagement never to let any one have a copy of anything he should invent for her Majesty until the latter had worn it, lost his place and the handsome emoluments attached to it, he is still the first "artist" of Paris in his own line. But he is an absolute despot, and suffers no customer to have any voice as to what he shall do with their hair. A few evenings ago, being in attendance on the Duchess of—, he entered her dressing-room, as usual, with the air of an autocrat.

"What dress do you wear to-night, Madame?" inquired Felix, leisurely drawing off his white kid glove, as he approached the dressing-table, on which was laid out a magnificent set of coral ornaments."

"A white *moiré antique*," replied the Duchess.

"White *moiré*," said the artist, with a dissatisfied shrug, "the *moiré* is very commonplace. All the butcher's wives wear white *moiré*."

"My dress is really very beautiful," returned the Duchess, humbly, "and certainly you won't see many butcher's wives with such lace as that," she continued, with a wave of the hand towards the open door, through which her maid was entering, with the dress extended; its lustrous tissue almost hidden under the splendid overskirt of *point de Venise*.

"With the lace it may pass muster," deigned to say the artist, with a second shrug; "but as for the coral, it will not be becoming to your style of face."

"But, Monsieur Felix, I am so fond of it! I thought of asking you to dress my hair, with double braids, and these beautiful corals beads twisted in among the braids."

"But, madame, your fancies are nothing to me. I can only dress your hair according to my own inspirations, not according to yours. It is I, and not you, who am your hair-dresser. Coral is heavy, Anglican; fit only for Creoles. A wreath of pomegranate blossoms would become you admirably."

"Nevertheless, Monsieur Felix," murmured the lady—

"If you have not confidence in me, Madame, call in another artist! I am responsible for the good looks of my clients!" returned the artist haughtily, drawing on his gloves, and moving towards the door.

The moment was critical. In another minute the capillary autocrat would have re-entered his elegant *coupé*, and have been on his way to the dressing-room of some more pliant "client."

"Justine!" said the Duchess, addressing her maid, "take away these ornaments, and bring the box of pomegranate flowers."

"And a few diamonds," added the autocrat, replacing his gloves in his pocket, and taking up a comb.

The only hair-dresser who pretends to dispute the supremacy of Felix is Petrus, the hair-dresser of the Grand Duchess of Baden, who passes his existence in a state of vibration between Paris and Baden. Petrus is, in reality, as firm as Felix, but he is the most adroit and delicate of flatterers, never assumes an air of command but contents himself with leading instead of driving.

If Petrus is about to ornament the head of a brunette he takes occasion to remark that all the great historic women were dark, and expatiates on Miriam, Judith, Semiramis, Lucretia, Rachel, Malibran, and so on, dwelling on their "majestic brows, crowned with a diadem of jet." If Petrus happens to be operating on a blonde, he admirably remarks: "When God created a complexion for Eve, he gave her your hair and lustrous tresses; and if any proof were needed of the superiority of your shade of hair, it would be found in the fact that among our old German ancestors the brunettes powdered gold-dust among their dark locks." If he be called to give the aid of his art to the ladies among whose

black or golden hair the silver lines are beginning to show themselves, he reminds them that white hair was all the "rage" in the time of Louis XV., and prophesies a speedy revival of the same preference. "In a short time all the ladies will wear powder, and you will see how charmingly and becoming this fashion will be for your smooth and graceful forehead." The inexhaustible flattery of the Grand Ducal hair-dresser has an agreeable and acceptable comment for all his customers.

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL.

Maiden sat complaining	Wadsworth
Zuleika	Manns
Memory of thy voice	Gibson
The Bridal	H. Smart
Voices of my early home	Buckley
The Children's Hour	Allen
I'm a merry little fly	W. Watt

DANCE.

Sensitive (mazourka)	De Grau
Etoiles rouges (valse)	Favarger
Ben Lomond (valse)	Mosca
Valse Héroïque	Wollenkaupf

PIANOFORTE.

The blue bells of Scotland	Kuhe
Lucia de Lammermoor	Kuhe
Lucresia Borgia	Kuhe
Conté Mauresque	O'Leary
Scherzo Brilliant	Wollenkaupf
Oberon (duet)	Osborne
Fauvette (duet)	Favarger
Rayons d'or	Favarger
Auf Flügeln des Gesanges	Oesten
Russian Volklied	Oesten
Robert toi que j'aime	B. Richards
Corn Rigs	Mehul
Swing Song	Fontaine
Remembranza	De Grau
Feu Follet	De Grau
Hark, hark, the lark	Oesten
Sabrina	Turner
Polish National Anthem	O'Leary
Tarantella	Kormataki
Seven National Airs	O'Leary
Am Meer	Blumner
Wiogenlied	Blumner
Nina (serenade)	De Lille
Le Charmant Endroit	G. B. Allen
Sous le Balcon	Boscovitch
Keel row (transcription)	Schlosser
See the conquering, etc.	Kuhe
Bright eyes (valse)	De Lille
Harvest Home Hymn	R. Redhead
A dream of happiness	H. S. Roberts
La Carita of Rossini	H. S. Roberts
Marche des Tambours	Sidney Smith
The Spinning Wheel	Sidney Smith
Rêve Andalique	Sidney Smith

ENIGMA.

High up the chimney fly the sparks and chase each other bright,
As if to mark the idle stars that faintly shine to-night;
The morning comes with rosy face, and stars and sparks are gone,
The Christmas blaze has died away, and we remain alone!
In bonny woodlands, by the side of many dimpled streams,
Where lady-ferns are waving and the early sunshine gleams,
Where cowslips in the hedges spring, and by the meadow-side,
We rear our wealth of greenery in all our summer pride.
In olden cloisters where the walls are fair with storied stone,
Near windows gay with heraldry of knights in ages gone,
And stately monuments are raised where saints and martyrs sleep!
We are the sacred treasures that these walls were built to keep.
And all our pomp and pageantry, and all the pride of earth,
The fairest maidens we can love, the men of might and worth;
(As leaves in autumn rustle down, and fade into decay),
Must pass to us, and wait the dawn of one Eternal Day.

CHARADES.

I.

My first from the arms of his mother had gone,
To wander and dream in the shade,
When down to the wood where the primrose had blown
There rambled the prettiest maid.
Her tresses were bound in my second; but one
A hazel-brown ringlet, had strayed,
And over that ringlet—the idle young soul!—
He wasted the morning in making my whole.

II.

My first, you'll find, in merchant's mind
But signifies a level stand;
My second is an article, as the railway rails
An undefining particle,
You see inscribed in face and hand.
My third, the god of summer days,
Now glows above the summer-heat;
And Kate, as shelter from his rays,
Carries my whole adown the street.

III.

A rover from Erin, my first,
When to London he came, as was proper, a
Promise he made to his love
To give her a box at the opera.
So he put on my second, cream-white,
(Superadding a finishing letter),
And drove in a Hansom the maid—
Or at least a four-wheel, which was better.
And when my whole warbled in "Faust,"
Sure never was cantatrice prettier;
It smote the maid's bosom with spite,
And ravished the swain in the pit-tier.

IV.

My first in days of chivalry,
Was plumed with feathers gay,
And now the men of Coventry,
Adorn it best they say;
My second in our babyhood,
Made nursery puddings best,
And o'er the Anglo-Indian's heart
Its empire stands contest;
My whole in many a lady's head,
Makes ardent lovers fear to wed.

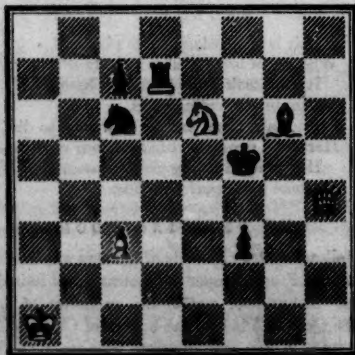
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PUZZLE, "Heroine." CHARADES.—I. "Wind-lass; II. "Wagtail." (Wachtel is the German). REBUS.—"Cod; od; co; o; (Sea; Dee) Cod sounds. The following answer all:—Maid Marian; G. B. S.; Veritas; P. J.; Lina; Fumo; Louis Devereux. Pussle and Charades:—M. A. C.; B. A.; Boreas; Georgiette; Musician; E. F.; Helen Armstrong (Manchester); Cenerentola. Charades and Rebus:—Quixote; G. L.; Amicus; Zuzon; Enoch Arden. CHARADES.—Both:—Peter Pounce; Y. Z.; F. O. O. First:—Neptune; Aliquis. Second:—Deutsch; Costa; V. M.

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No. 1.	Polished Oak Case, one stop, four octaves	25	6	0
2.	Ditto one stop, five octaves	9	9	0
3.	Ditto three stops	12	12	0
4.	Ditto five stops	14	14	0
5.	Ditto seven stops	19	19	0
6.	Ditto nine stops	22	15	0
7.	Ditto eleven stops	28	16	0
8.	Ditto thirteen stops and knee action	36	15	0
9.	Ditto fifteen stops and knee action	45	0	0
10.	Ditto nineteen stops and knee action	59	0	0
WITH PERCUSSION.				
10.	Ditto nine stops	29	10	0
11.	Ditto thirteen stops	39	0	0
12.	Ditto seventeen stops and knee action	60	0	0
13.	Ditto twenty-one stops and knee action	67	0	0

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CRAMER'S CHEAPEST HARMONIUM is DEBAIN'S beautiful Small Instrument in a Polished Oak Case. Price Six Guineas. Admirable Tone, combined with the very best Workmanship. 201, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

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(The Largest in Europe.)

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black or golden hair the silver lines are beginning to show themselves, he reminds them that white hair was all the "rage" in the time of Louis XV., and prophesies a speedy revival of the same preference. "In a short time all the ladies will wear powder, and you will see how charmingly and becoming this fashion will be for your smooth and graceful forehead." The inexhaustible flattery of the Grand Ducal hair-dresser has an agreeable and acceptable comment for all his customers.

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL.

Maiden sat complaining	Wadsworth
Zuleika	Manns
Memory of thy voice	Gibson
The Bridal	H. Smart
Voices of my early home	Buckley
The Children's Hour	Allen
I'm a merry little fly	W. Watt

DANCE.

Sensitive (mazourka)	De Grau
Etoiles rouges (valse)	Favarger
Ben Lomond (valse)	Mosca
Valse Héroïque	Wollenkaupf

PIANOFORTE.

The blue bells of Scotland	Kuhe
Lucia de Lammermoor	Kuhe
Lucrezia Borgia	Kuhe
Conte Mauresque	O'Leary
Scherzo Brilliant	Wollenkaupf
Oberon (duet)	Osborne
Fauvette (duet)	Favarger
Rayons d'or	Favarger
Auf Flügeln des Gesanges	Oesten
Russian Volklied	Oesten
Robert toi que j'aime	B. Richards
Corn Rigs	Mehul
Swing Song	Fontaine
Remembrance	De Gran
Feu Follet	De Gran
Hark, hark, the lark	Oesten
Sabrina	Turner
Polish National Anthem	O'Leary
Tarantella	Kormatski
Seven National Airs	O'Leary
Am Meer	Blumner
Wienlied	Blumner
Nina (serenade)	De Lille
Le Charmant Endroit	G. B. Allen
Sous le Balcon	Boscovitch
Keel row (transcription)	Schloessur
See the conquering, etc.	Kuhe
Bright eyes (valse)	De Lille
Harvest Home Hymn	R. Redhead
A dream of happiness	H. S. Roberts
La Carita of Rossini	H. S. Roberts
Marche des Tambours	Sidney Smith
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And over that ringlet—the idle young soul!—
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You see inscribed in face and hand.
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When to London he came, as was proper, a
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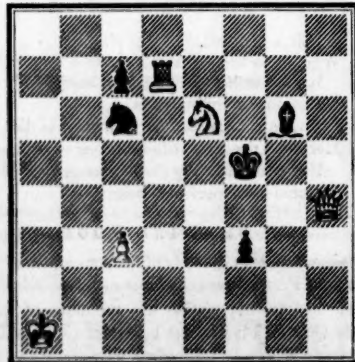
CHARADES.—Both:—Peter Pounce; Y. Z.; F. C. C. First:—Neptune; Aliquis. Second:—Deutsch; Costa; V. M.

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2.	Ditto one stop, five octaves	9 9 0
3.	Ditto three stops	12 12 0
4.	Ditto five stops	14 14 0
5.	Ditto seven stops	19 19 0
6.	Ditto nine stops	22 15 0
7.	Ditto eleven stops	26 15 0
8.	Ditto thirteen stops and knee action	43 0 0
9.	Ditto fifteen stops and knee action	59 0 0
	WITH PERCUSSION.	
10.	Ditto nine stops	29 10 0
11.	Ditto thirteen stops	39 0 0
12.	Ditto seventeen stops and knee action	60 0 0
13.	Ditto twenty-one stops and knee action	87 0 0

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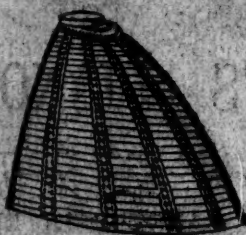
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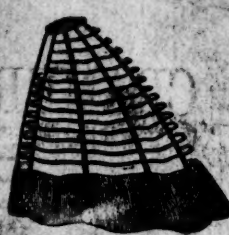
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